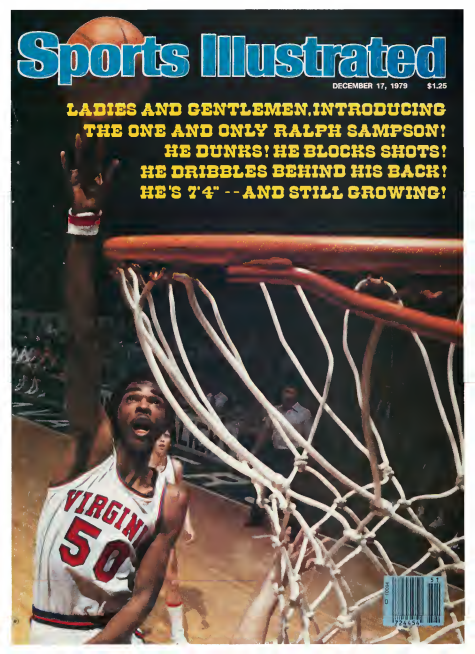


A full-page photograph of basketball player Ralph Sampson in a white Virginia Cavaliers jersey with the number 50. He is jumping high, reaching towards the basketball hoop with his right arm extended. A basketball is visible at the top left of the frame. The background shows a basketball court and spectators.

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 17, 1979 \$1.25

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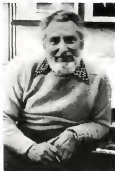
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



RETIREE BERNSTEIN: 51 & 26 YEAR MAN

On the last day of the decade, Bill Bernstein will retire after 30 years with Time Inc., 26 of them on the staff of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. It would be easy to say that we are losing a layout artist—that is his title—but it would also be inaccurate, because there is virtually no job in our art department that Bernstein hasn't performed. Indeed, layout work has been the least of it. Need a photograph retouched? Call on Bernstein. Some hand lettering done? Bernstein's your man. A map drawn, or an illustration readied for reproduction? Get Bernstein. "There have been times when we would've been sunk without him," says Bernstein's longtime friend and boss, Art Director Dick Giannelli. "He's a highly skilled troubleshooter"—a designation that befits an avid target shooter.

Bernstein's most notable feats of artistic marksmanship have been in the exacting field of dye-transfer retouching, the technical term for removing shadows and other imperfections from color photos. Using chemicals and brushes, Bernstein can re-create an athlete's face when shadows have blurred the features, eliminate background when it detracts from a subject, highlight brilliance in naturally bright colors and emphasize darkness in naturally somber ones. For 10 years he has

contributed immeasurably to the magazine's high-quality color pictures.

Bernstein has always worked with enthusiasm. "In 48 years on various jobs, I've looked forward to getting up every morning and going to work," he says. "When I started out, with Raymond D. Levy Studios in 1932, I was paid about \$15 a week and was glad to be making that much. I began by mixing paints and sweeping floors and wound up dipping into every facet of the art business. It was basic training you couldn't believe."

Bernstein later got basic training in the Army Air Corps. During World War II he was an air-traffic controller, guiding Spitfires and Mosquitos onto a landing strip near Norwich, England. Following his separation he worked as an art director for several printing concerns and ad agencies and as an assistant art studio manager. He joined Time Inc. in 1949 and four years later became one of the first to work for the projected magazine that became **SI**.

Upon retirement to Great Neck, N.Y., Bernstein will divide his time among wife Lillian, who's the business manager of a Manhattan art gallery, three children, two stepchildren, one grandchild and a number of new interests. "One of the first things I'm thinking of doing is returning to school to take some courses in money management," he says. "If there's any advice I'd give to people who are about to retire, it's to study up on economics and financing. Most companies have psychological advisers who help employees make the difficult adjustment to retirement, but few companies have financial advisers."

"I'm also going to continue repairing old radios [he gives them to charity] and do some writing. I hope to find some areas that are as challenging as the ones I've been involved in."

Ray D. Levy

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Shopwalk

by JIM KAPLAN

THE NAME OF THE GAME FOR CHRISTMAS
GIVING THIS YEAR IS COMPUTER CHESS

Shopping for adult Christmas games is a bewildering experience this year. They are so diverse: Word games. Number games. Board games. Computer games. But there is a way out of the maze: stick with one of the oldest games and the most up-to-date technology—computer chess.

Experts generally agree that the latest products from Fidelity and Chafitz are the class of the field. Fidelity's Chess Challenger 7 (suggested retail, \$100) is simple, attractive and, by the standards of such games, inexpensive. The unit consists of a chessboard and a keyboard. After the player enters a move by hitting keys, the computer responds by flashing electronic commands on a screen that is part of the keyboard. The squares of the chessboard are marked 1-8 vertically and A-H horizontally. To make the most common pawn opening (E2-E4), hit the appropriately lettered and numbered keys and another one marked "enter." The computer may flash back the classical response, "E7-E5," and you're off and running.

CC7 can be set for seven different levels of skill (and the levels may be changed in mid-game), allows the player to add or subtract any number of moves at a time, can change sides, plays against itself, knows the basic openings and holds its own in the middle and end games. "It's a solid sparring partner," says 16-year-old Evan Katz, a Roslyn (N.Y.) high school junior and contributor to *Personal Computing* magazine, who is already one of computer chess' leading nonprofessional experts. "One slip and you get knocked out. Considering the comparatively low price, it's the best game on the market for the majority of players."

Another Fidelity product, Voice Chess Challenger (\$325), employs both a screen and a "voice" that grows in low monotones. The Voice's vocabulary ranges from simple commands that name the computer's piece to be moved, and where it is to be moved ("from F8 to A3, bishop move"), to obscure chess terms ("en passant"). Voice Chess Challenger uses some 40 different openings and will suggest moves—upon request—at five of its 10 middle- and end-game skill levels and throughout its opening book. The way to gain the advantage over the machine is to make unorthodox responses to its pre-programmed opening-game knowledge.

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SHOPWALK

employees Dan and Katie Spracklen created the Sargon 2 module that beat a \$5 million computer in Washington, D.C., last year and its more sophisticated offspring, Sargon 2.5 that whipped every opponent it faced—including Voice Challenger—at the recent European Microchess Championships. The 7-level Modular Game System (\$175), which uses the Sargon 2.5, boasts several features the Fidelity machines lack. It has an optional rechargeable battery pack (\$40), displays the board rank by rank on its screen instead of piece by piece, continues to calculate while the player is thinking and can hold a discontinued game in its memory for five or six days. Unfortunately its program is filled with amusing but sometimes repetitive messages ("I need help," "Spot me a queen") that are displayed on a screen, and as a result it has a limited opening book compared to that of the Voice Challenger. But MGS more than makes up for that by being modular: it will accommodate updated chess programs and other computer-game programs. Chalkitz will be marketing in coming months.

Then there is the ultimate gift, Chaitin Auto Response Board (\$875). It's almost human. The computer "senses" moves made by the player and replies by illuminating lights on two squares—one for the piece being moved, the other for the square to which it is being moved. There are no keys to hit. The player only needs to move the pieces. Like its sister MGS, Auto Response is modular and 7-level and comes equipped with the Sargon 2.5 program. Because there is no facility for displaying messages, Auto Response has more storage space and, thus, a large opening book. An excellent teacher, it can suggest moves and help two inexperienced players by buzzing to signal illegal moves. "It's the epitome of deluxe computer chess," says Katz. And it is the epitome of good taste: with a wood-grain board and hand-carved Staunton wood playing pieces.

Associate Editor Harry Shershow of *Personal Computing*, the only magazine that carries a regular column on "intelligent" computer games, offers this advice for consumers: "Test out the machines and make sure you're getting the latest models. Better yet, bring along the person for whom you're buying."

Using a board isn't the only way to play computer chess. If you don't mind tying up your television set for hours at a time, the Atari video game can be hooked up to a chess program that is easy to operate and plays in the CC 7 range. And if you happen to own a home computer, you may be able to play on it, using a \$30 Sargon 2 cassette. It fits the TRS-80, Apple and PET home computers.

Soon chess computer games may well have tournament-style time clocks, print out games on paper and play more and more like humans. But even the less sophisticated computers now available will provide a merry Christmas for your favorite gamesman. **ENO**

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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BRAUGHMAN

NO TRESPASSING. IT MAY BE A SIGN OF STUPID HUNTERS OR CRANKY LANDOWNERS

At odd times in recent years I've found myself dreaming of what it might be like to own exclusive printing and sales rights to NO TRESPASSING, NO HUNTING and VIOLATORS WILL BE PROSECUTED signs. It's certainly a big business, and a growing one. Here in Oregon—and elsewhere, I'm sure—such notices are everywhere these days, and though that fact means substantial profits for sign makers, it also reflects a serious problem faced by hunters and landowners.

More people, more time, more guns, more hunters, more developed land and more property damage each year add up to more owners determined to keep hunters off their lands. You would have to look a long while to find a clearer example of an inmovable force colliding with an irresistible object.

As politicians long ago learned, there are a great many citizens who refuse to be told what they may or may not do with their guns. Each fall armies of people dressed as hunters troop through fields and forests. When they confront the barbed-wire fences, locked gates and NO HUNTING signs of folks in whom property rights are sacred, the conflicts can be unpleasant or downright dangerous.

Last season, in Milton-Freewater, Ore., a rancher asked two elk hunters to leave his land because they did not ask his permission to use it. The rancher was badly beaten by the pair, and hospitalized for two weeks. Though local sportsmen's clubs offered a \$1,000 reward for information leading to the apprehension of the hunters, no info surfaced, so no arrests were made.

More often the landowner's complaints are of lesser, broken fences, slaughtered livestock or vandalism. One farmer I know labels his animals before each deer season, painting cow, lamb or pig in huge letters across the sides of the appropriate beast. Despite his efforts, some are still shot. Any target is likely to be riddled with bullet holes at the height of the hunting season.

In 1978, in Oregon's Crooked River Valley, a group of landowners became so infuriated at vandalism committed by trespassers that they called a meeting with the state Department of Fish and Wildlife, and they got what they wanted—stiffer penalties. Now trespassing with a firearm carries a maximum fine of \$1,000 and up to a year in jail. In years past, the penalty had been a maximum of 30 days and \$250.

Hunters, however, swear it is a tiny minority that gives the rest of them a bad name

They will also tell you that many landowners won't even permit hunters to cross their property to get to public land to hunt. Because ranches and farms and other private property usually occupy the lowlands and foothills, and public lands are located on the steeper and economically less desirable slopes above, the public spots are often inaccessible except by crossing posted land. Hunters also claim that some ranchers not only declare their own holdings to be off limits, but also post the Bureau of Land Management acres that they rent for grazing. This is illegal, but what can a hunter do? To operate under such conditions, he would need, at the very least, a good set of maps and a helicopter to discern the lands from which he is legally barred from those that are illegally posted.

So the charges and countercharges fly, hunting-license sales increase, and the amount of private land open to hunters shrinks at an alarming rate. Compounding the problem is the fact that the most desirable hunting areas—rural acreage near population centers—are most affected by the trend toward posting. Tens of thousands of city folks have discovered the pleasures of country living in recent years, and when they buy their places they almost always put up NO HUNTING signs. Very often they aren't natives of the area or even of the state, and this can cause increased resentment. What business does a retired restaurant owner from Chicago have telling a third-generation Oregonian where he can't go?

I used to hunt, and some of my best—and worst—memories of the outdoor life are associated with the sport. I know some fine men who love hunting above nearly everything, and I've also run across a number of dangerous fools. I was shot in the shoulder in a duck marsh one winter afternoon, and a few years ago as I stood in the sunlight in a clearing in the woods a round from a deer rifle whistled by my ear. These are two reasons why I no longer hunt. Another is that each year it became harder and harder to know where to begin.

I don't own a whole lot of land, but I know people who do and I try to sympathize with them. A great deal of strenuous effort goes into keeping up 80 or 100 or 1,000 acres, and a couple of trigger-happy, irresponsible hunters can destroy a year's worth of work in just a minute or two. Still, it seems to me there is little excuse for posting land used neither for ranching nor farming, but it happens all the time. On too many occasions I've knocked on a door to ask for hunting permission and ended up in a heated argument with a stone-faced man doing a mediocre John Wayne impersonation—a man whose primary joy in life seemed to be making someone else's day troublesome and unpleasant.

Once I asked a farmer if he would consider letting me hunt a field of bunchgrass and weeds for quail. His answer—delivered quiet-

continued

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VIEWPOINT

ly and with a trace of a smile—was that if he ever saw me hunting in any of his fields, he'd shoot my dog, and he'd worry about what to do with me afterward. Later that same day another landowner explained that he posted his weeds and willow thickets because he loved birds and liked to think of his property as a sanctuary for them. It was a fairly convincing little speech and apparently true—to a point I later learned that one of this bird lover's favorite pastimes was to sit on his back porch on fall evenings with a 22 rifle and shoot pheasants as they ventured into the half-acre patch of corn he planted to attract them. It's as difficult to generate sympathy for men like these as it is to feel sorry for some of the idiots whom the owners try to keep off their lands.

But something has to be done to protect the interests of both the careful hunter and the reasonable landholder. The problem is simple. Solutions won't be. The answers will have to come largely from state governments, even though neither sportsmen nor property owners appreciate state control, and game commissions have seldom been willing to offend anyone. Stiffer penalties for lawbreakers would help, but they'd be only a beginning. Tougher qualifications and increased fees for licenses could accomplish a great deal. A 1979 Oregon resident adult hunting license costs \$7—far less than a golfer usually pays to play 18 holes. To qualify to buy one, you have to have resided in the state for half a year. A young person between the ages of 14 and 17 can purchase an upland game license for a mere \$2, and a child 12 or 13 years of age does not have to pay at all. A hunter from just about any other country on earth would find those terms astonishingly generous or downright laughable.

But if would-be outdoorsmen had to pass a test of hunting knowledge and skills to qualify for a license and then were charged \$25 or \$50 for a permit, most of the opening-day drunks and road hunters would stay at home where they belong, and landowners' problems would be cut at least by half. Establishing reduced rates for the elderly and those who truly couldn't afford the more expensive license would pose no problem. Some of the added revenue from increased fees could go toward closer control of hunters in the field. Part could be earmarked as compensation for landowners who cooperate with the state by opening their properties and suffer property damage by hunters. Responsible outdoorsmen who report lawbreakers—including ranchers who illegally post government land—could be rewarded.

Americans like to think of hunting as a right, not a privilege. If it is a right under present conditions, it is quickly becoming a worthless one. The situation needs to be straightened out in a hurry. If it isn't, the good hunters, the real hunters, will quit the sport in frustration, and the sign makers will make an even greater profit.

END

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SCORECARD

Edited by MYRA GELBAND

PROPORTIONALITY FOR ALL

Last week the Department of Health, Education and Welfare released its final Title IX interpretive guidelines, aimed at eliminating sex discrimination in school sports programs. In issuing the department's 41-page report, HEW Secretary Patricia Harris said, "After reviewing 700 comments and consulting with representatives of colleges and universities, we believe we came up with a sensible, flexible policy. We're not saying 'move over' to football or to any sport. We're saying to discrimination, let it end."

Where the new guidelines differ from past provisions is that they specifically list how the equivalence of benefits are to be measured, particularly in athletic scholarships. The revised policy directs that if the ratio of men to women athletes in an intercollegiate program is, for example, 7:3, the financial-aid distribution must be proportional.

Charles Neimis, commissioner of the Big Eight, called the move "pragmatic," and Missouri Athletic Director Dave Hart agrees. "We have 430 athletes involved in our program and 149 are women," he says. "We are spending \$708,000 on scholarships. Of that amount, the women get \$188,971. That leaves us about \$61,234 short. If HEW had gone for an equal per capita expenditure more of us could have made it."

Donna Lopiano, University of Texas women's athletic director, welcomed the latest ruling, though she doubts it will affect Texas because it is close to compliance now with a \$3.5 million annual budget for men's sports and a \$900,000 budget for women, including 46 full and 30 partial scholarships. "Many schools that had been making progress with their women's programs went into a stall when the [old] guidelines were issued a year ago," she said. "I am pleased that something final is out and that it is clear."

However, Don Canham, who directs the athletic program at Michigan, was not pleased. "I can't understand why the academic community across the country

is not upset," said Canham, whose men's scholarship budget is \$800,000 compared to \$200,000 for women. "HEW has gone beyond what the law intended in its interpretation. It is telling us how to spend funds contributed by alumni for scholarship programs."

And while AIAW President Curole Marshner called the new policy workable enough "to permit each institution to design and implement its own nondiscriminatory athletic program," Walter Byers, executive director of the NCAA, said, "It is not only extremely complicated, but it will result in fewer athletic opportunities for both men and women students."

When she released the report, Secretary Harris said, "We would expect that as schools amend their programs, they would do so with sensitivity and with recognition that such changes should result in enhancing, not minimizing, the role of women... in sports programs."

Amen. The idea of proportional spending seems a fair way to deal with the sexual inequity of sports programs, and a rational way to nurture the much-needed growth that eventually will offer the most opportunities to the greatest number of athletes.

WHO'S NO. 1?

It seems that as long as the national championship of college football is settled in the polls instead of on the playing field, there will be controversy. Such was the case last season when the two wire-service polls, AP (writers) and UPI (coaches), produced different winners, the AP voters selecting Alabama, the UPI backers choosing Southern Cal.

In last week's final regular-season voting, UPI had undefeated Alabama on top, just as it had most of the year, but the Crimson Tide dropped to second in the AP poll, with Ohio State, also unbeaten, becoming No. 1. The Tide had nearly twice as many first-place votes as the Buckeyes, but eight writers

failed to select Alabama among the top three, thus accounting for the demotion.

Putting aside the various factors that influenced the voters in both polls, the overall result is perfectly justified—although fans of Florida and BYU, also unbeaten and untied, might disagree. Unlike last season, when USC had played and beaten its rival for No. 1, Alabama, the Crimson Tide and Buckeyes have not met, nor have they played a common opponent. There isn't much to choose from between the two. Ohio State has scored more points, but Alabama has yielded fewer. Alabama's schedule was weak, but Ohio State's was no more so. USC, also unbeaten but with a tie, may well do away with the Buckeyes in the Rose Bowl but until the bowls are played, both Alabama and Ohio State should be content with half a loaf.

GOING ONCE ... GOING TWICE ...

How can the exorbitant prices being bid for this year's baseball free agents be



explained? Nolan Ryan, the plump of the draft, though barely more than a 500 pitcher during his 12-season career, signed a four-year contract with the Houston Astros reportedly for a staggering \$4.5 million. But Ryan may not be the best example of how prices have soared. Take John Curtis, 31, a mediocre lefthander who was 10-9 and had a 4.17 ERA last season for San Francisco and who is 67-72 during his 10-year career. He recently closed a deal with San Diego for a reported \$1.7 million over five years. In fact, of the 15 free agents—11 of whom can be safely

Continued

described as run-of-the-mill players—who had signed with new clubs last week. It came away with million-dollar agreements.

Milwaukee General Manager Harry Dalton calls it the auction syndrome. "You go to the auction and see an old moose head that you never thought about until you got there," Dalton explained to Thomas Boswell of *The Washington Post*. "The auctioneer says, 'Available today only and never again. Here's your once-in-a-lifetime chance.'"

"So you get auction fever. Then, when you get the damn moose home and put it on your mantelpiece, it looks hideous and contradicts the style of everything around it and you want to throw up."

"I don't want to denigrate the players in this year's draft, but I think a lot of teams have bought a lot of ugly moose heads."

SON OF PING-PONG DIPLOMACY

It may come as a surprise to some people that the Palestine Liberation Organization has a professional table-tennis team that competes internationally. But, indeed, the PLO squad was scheduled to challenge the defending world champion Royal Haiti team for the title this week. Now there are a couple of worthy opponents!

According to Windsor Olson, president of the International Table Tennis League, the match had been set for Dec. 17 at the Seattle Center Play House, and a sellout crowd of 800 had been expected. Although no one in the U.S. knows much about the PLO team, it had been selected—there are no elimination rounds in professional table tennis—by the league's international referee, Seattle businessman Lee Phelps, in the hope of fostering a diplomatic breakthrough, as the early matches with the People's Republic of China had done.

Olson, who's also the manager of the Seattle Sockeye professional table-tennis team, had been corresponding with aides to PLO leader Yasser Arafat for the past few months, but except for one name, B. Nasar, Olson had received no information about team members. His final contact with the PLO was on Nov. 12.

That was eight days after Iranian students seized the U.S. Embassy in Teheran and took 62 Americans hostage. At that time, Arafat stepped forward with an offer to negotiate with the Iranian government on behalf of the U.S. Someone

in the Middle East apparently thought better of having a PLO table-tennis team in the U.S. while the situation in Iran was so volatile, and contacts with Seattle were abruptly cut off. Olson reluctantly canceled the match and told the Harbians, who beat the U.S. in 1977 and Thailand in 1978, that they could keep their title without defending it. But he and Phelps were disappointed. "It would have been interesting to see the PLO's style of play," Phelps said.

FOR PETE'S SAKE

It took very nearly five games during which Pete Maravich sat at the end of the bench for the worst team in the NBA, before any but the most loyal followers of the Jazz to realize that the Pistol's career in Utah—and perhaps in pro basketball—is for all practical purposes shot. For five seasons he had been the franchise for the Jazz. As recently as 1976-77 he led the league in scoring. But when the team was moved to Salt Lake City last summer, Maravich discovered that his Bourbon Street act wouldn't play on the shores of the Great Salt Lake.

Pistol Pete, 31, missed the Jazz' Nov. 30 game at Golden State because of illness, and when Utah won 112-104 that night to end a 14-game losing streak, it confirmed what Jazz Coach Tom Nisenske had suspected for some time that Maravich's 17 points a game weren't worth the disruption the Pistol created by dominating the ball. When Utah beat Seattle at home the next evening, Maravich was healthy again but still on the bench. That was where he remained for six straight games through the end of last week, a period in which the Jazz raised eyebrows around the NBA by winning four games.

Utah General Manager Frank Layden, whose shrewd deals have made the Jazz respectable in quick order, admits Utah wants to trade Maravich. "I'm going to get rid of the losers," Layden says. "There's no future for Pete here, and it's better to move the guy this year before he's established an identity in Utah. There are several owners who would love to have a gate attraction like Pete, but the coaches are afraid of him. I wouldn't be surprised if he just packed it in if he can't get on with a contending team in the next few weeks."

Utah is evidently willing to pay Maravich's \$500,000-a-year contract for the next two-and-a-half seasons to any team

that would take him, but as one Jazz official noted glumly, "We would take any player in the league for Pete, but nobody else wants him."

Maravich has been largely silent throughout his ordeal, but he did tell Dave Blackwell of the *Deseret News*. "It's like being in an airplane, you don't have any control. Maybe I've overstayed my welcome. I doubt whether I'll finish the season here, yet I really don't believe another team would pick me up. My salary is just too large, so I guess you could say I am a victim of my own circumstances."

WHIP INFLATION NOW

It isn't everyone who can be sent down to the minors and get a pay raise at the same time, but that is exactly what Goalie Markus Mattsson got when the NHL Winnipeg Jets sent him to their Central Hockey League team, the Tulsa Oilers, in October. For the last two years, when the Jets were part of the now-defunct WHA, Mattsson had played in Canada for an annual salary of \$80,000. Now in Oklahoma, he is drawing the same pay, except it's in U.S. greenbacks, which are worth about 15% more than Canadian dollars. That converts to about \$12,000 a year more than Mattsson earned in Winnipeg.

Major league baseball, with teams in Montreal and Toronto, has avoided dealing with the currency inequity by having all players paid in U.S. money. The NHL offers no such option. Canadian franchises pay their players in Canadian money, U.S. franchises pay their players in U.S. money.

Of course, double-digit inflation in the U.S. may eventually catch up to Mattsson, but in the meantime, any damage to his ego because of the demotion has been soothed. "I enjoy making more money," he says.

THEY SAID IT

● Tony (Mac the Sack) McGee, New England Patriot defensive end, describing how he felt after a sackless game against the Miami Dolphins: "Angry. Disappointed. Mad. Sad. Disgusted. Busted and can't be trusted."

● Isaac Stern, violinist, apologizing to the audience for his late arrival at a Sunday concert in Chicago Orchestra Hall: "I was competing with all those Bears fans for a taxi. Had my name been Walter Payton, I'd have had no trouble." **END**

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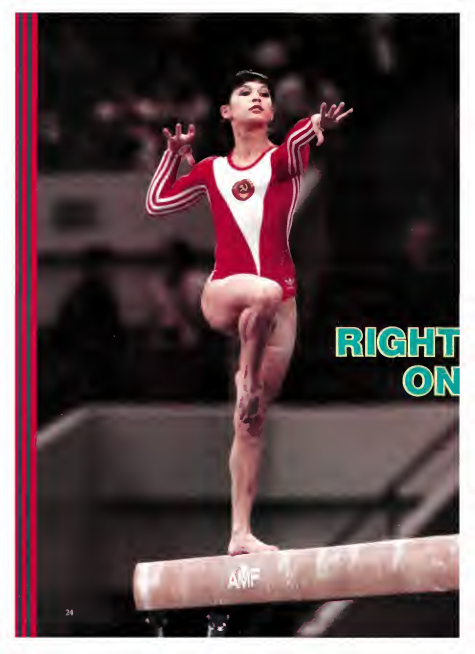
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A female gymnast is captured in a dynamic pose on a balance beam. She is wearing a red and white leotard with a circular emblem on the chest and white stripes on the sleeves. Her right leg is extended upwards, and her arms are outstretched. The beam has the 'AMF' logo on it. The background is a blurred crowd in a stadium.

**RIGHT
ON**



THE BEAM IN TEXAS

In the World Gymnastics Championships at Fort Worth, the Soviet Union's Nelli Kim and young Aleksandr Ditiatin won, but still the U.S. shone

CONTINUED

In the men's events, aging Japanese stars gave way to youthful Soviets, and Kurt Thomas won the day for the U.S.

by KENT HANNON

For four grueling days the world's two best male gymnasts—a Soviet and an American—had tried to outdo each other on the floor and in the air inside Fort Worth's Tarrant County Convention Center. The American had cut through the air like a knife, seemingly capable of carrying out any flight of fancy, no matter how outrageously dangerous. The Soviet, on the other hand, had appeared reluctant to flirt with disaster, but that had been largely an illusion. So great is his strength that he all but bent the apparatus to his will and made his genuinely difficult routines look almost too easy. Now that one of them had been declared the all-around champion at last week's World Gymnastics Championships, they were

seated next to each other, telling tales.

Kurt Thomas, the American silver medalist, spoke first. "I was sixth in the all-around at the World Championships in France a year ago, and my goal for this meet was to move up to third," he said. "Because I started the night in second place, I wanted to at least stay where I was. I didn't care that much about moving up."

Aleksandr Ditiatin, the Russian gold medalist, speaks reasonably good English, and he probably understood Thomas' remarks without the aid of his interpreter. If Thomas wanted to pretend that he wasn't disappointed by defeat, Ditiatin certainly wasn't going to admit to a tactic that had been crucial in helping him attain victory. Questioned once, and then again, as to whether he had purposely left a difficult maneuver out of his high-bar routine, Ditiatin replied, "As I have said, I did my routines exactly as I planned. I left out nothing."

Of course, Ditiatin had left out his flyaway-half somersault to minimize the chances of a costly fall, which would have opened the door for Thomas. But

sneer as he might at Ditiatin's denials, Thomas had reason to draw some comfort from his rival's conservative strategy. "It means he decided not to go at me talent-against-talent," said Thomas later. "Being the top man on a team like Russia's gives him incredible clout with the judges. He knew he could count on a 9.9 on high bar even without his flyaway half. Whereas, if he tries it, misses and falls off the apparatus, I win. How bad did he beat me, 275 of a point after 18 events? I'd say that means if Ditiatin is No. 1 right now, I must be 1A."

If it hadn't been for Thomas' brilliant performance in the all-around—he averaged 9.825 per event through two nights of qualifying and one night of finals—the Soviet Union would have had a 1-2-3 sweep with Ditiatin, eventual bronze medalist Aleksandr Tkachev and fourth-place finisher Vladimir Markelov. To appreciate the magnitude of Thomas' achievement requires an understanding of how difficult it is to sport good marks in a subjectively judged sport like gymnastics when your country has no proud moments in its past on which to build a

Romanian women won that country's first world team title and the Chinese were spectacular, but the U.S. rubbed

by BOB OTTUM

Don't be fooled by the little darlings. It's hard not to be, when they come parading in on tippy-toe—194 girls from 32 countries—not a pinch of cellulite and huggy as all get out. But if they get a chance these kids will jump right up and shoot the lights out on you.

After all, look at what happened at the Fort Worth world championships. When the lights went back on, the mighty Soviets were wondering who shot John; the Romanians were victorious even without the services of the Incredible Shrinking Nadia; and the U.S. women were where the U.S. women? Ah, yes, out shopping for a wider balance beam. But let's go back to the beginning, so that you'll fully appreciate all the terrible things that happened.

There were the implacable Soviets, undefeated in the Olympics since 1956 and winners of all but one world title since

1954. The Romanians looked to be a lead-pipe cinch for second in the team event, with the peerless Nadia Comăneci up front. So what if the Soviets' world champ, Elena Mukhina, had pulled up lame even before the festivities? The veteran Nellie Kim, 22, was good for a gold and was backed by Natalia Shaposhnikova and Maria Filatova.

But there were two new factors to spook the competitors. While nobody was really looking, the U.S. women had been sidling up through the pack, emerging this year with a strong and stylish team that was our best ever. The American women had come from dead nowhere to sneak two of their number into the world's top 10 all-around contenders, and another, Marcia Frederick, had become world champion on the uneven bars in Strasbourg last year.

The other factor was the Red Chinese, with bright red puffs in their hair and impish smiles. China withdrew from world competition in 1962 but assuredly did not abandon gymnastics; most recently, at the 1978 Asian Games in Bangkok, their women took the team title and were one, two, three in the all-around.

When the Fort Worth battle commenced the first shock was Nadia, dark-

ly glinty-eyed as ever but strangely grunt, all hipbones and shoulderblades. Her appearance startled her fellow competitors, but in the compulsory she began picking them off, one by one. Calmly she banged out a 9.95 on the uneven bars and a 9.9 on the beam, winding up with 39.5 points out of a possible 40 and the lead in the individual standings. That was

Nadia, on the sideline nursing an infected hand



reputation. Until Thomas finished first in the floor exercise at the 1978 championships, the U.S. hadn't won a gold medal in significant international competition in 42 years. Judges make a lot of noise about adhering to the Code de Pointage, but many come to meet with preconceived notions as to who the leading performers are and who therefore deserve top marks.

Ditiatin, who has been called "the Soviet pinup boy," was expected to take over the top spot in the world at some point. He has won the last two World Cups, and he finished third in the all-around in Strasbourg last year at the age of 21. At Fort Worth there was no question that he was the hot gymnast in the eyes of the judges—and just about everyone else. Ditiatin did nothing to cool off his reputation, but by winning six medals Thomas did plenty to heat his up.

As the rivals—and the judges—prepare for the Moscow Olympics, there is a real question as to who's the hotter. Besides winning the silver in the all-around, Thomas also led the U.S. to a third-place finish in the team competi-

continued



Thomas on the high bar. He got two gold and two silver medals (one of each shared) and a bronze

without breaking out her tough stuff—the compulsories are merely an archaic exercise designed to show that the women know how to get their uniforms on right-side out.

Then Nadia yanked on her warmups, and not staying to watch the competition—she didn't even peek at her score—went back to Romania's tightly guarded 10th-floor hideout in Fort Worth's Blackstone Hotel, a relic that Coach Bela Karolyi, hunting around for something kind to say, described as, "Awful. Terrible. Mediocre. But what the hell."

Comaneci missed quite a show. On the uneven bars China's Yanhong Ma showed everybody what hip-shoots, handstands and belly-beats are all about. The Chinese women handle the bars like the men, using hip instead of shoulder leverage, and every time they take off from one of the bars, the thing twangs like some great musical instrument. And they overlay their daring with pure joy; they're getting it on, and the mood flows out to all sides. Ma turned up a 9.95 and took an extra bow to a standing, shouting ovation. She had matched the redoubtable Nadia at her own game and had made it look like a whole lot more fun. She had also bagged the highest score the

Chinese women were to get at the meet.

Then came the Soviets—stone-face time again—and the compulsories ended with predictable team standings: the U.S.S.R., first, with 194,925, Romania next with 194,250, the U.S. women fourth, just 1.3 behind East Germany's 193,875.

Now for the casualty report. First, an infection in Nadia's left hand acted up, and off she went to the hospital. Other gymnasts allowed as how it wasn't her hand at all, it was really anorexia nervosa, the disease whose victims starve themselves half—and sometimes all the way—to death. But then word came that Nadia had sat up in bed and hollered for chocolate milk, ice cream and candy, plus two steaks washed down with plenty of Pepsi.

Next, the U.S. team lost 47-year-old Leslie Russo with a stress fracture, and, with Tracee Talavera called on account of age—at 13 she is too young—the team was down to five. A bit dicey. In world competition teams enter six contestants but count only the best five scores, so the U.S. had no margin for error. Still, the judges were predisposed to look kindly on the U.S. women's efforts, as they had the men's.

Then the real turmoil began. Nadia showed up, hand fully bandaged, but didn't try the uneven bars. That figured. Next the best the U.S. women managed to produce in the floor exercises was a 47.100, which didn't figure, and East Germany bounded to a 48.200 on the beam. So where it should have gained, the U.S. fell back another 1.1.

Came the next rotation—the U.S. to the vault, Romania to the beam and the Chinese to Shift City. The judges on duty in Fort Worth ought to be flat ashamed. At every station on the circuit, to thunderous applause, the Chinese smoked everybody off. Sihua Zheng did everything but play *The Yellow Rose of Texas* on the uneven bars and came down with only a 9.55 as the angry stamping and howling increased. Yajun Liu was sensational on the beam and floor and got a 9.8 and 9.7. The spectators continued to demonstrate that, while they may not know all the subtleties of judging, they sure know a bag job when they see one.

Meanwhile, as the U.S. women did wonders on the vault, gaining slightly on East Germany with a 49.150, the really good stuff was going on at the balance beam. Nadia sat expressionless with her bad hand cradled in her lap, and it was

continued on page 29

tion, another first for the Americans, whose fourth last year in France was their previous best. Thomas scored four 9.9s in a row to win four more medals in the individual finals. He won a gold in the horizontal bar, shared the gold in the floor exercise with East Germany's Roland Bruckner, picked up a silver in pommel horse and shared a silver in parallel bars with Tkachev, plus a bronze for the U.S. team's third-place finish.

There were other elements that made this one of the most memorable meets in international gymnastics history. The U.S.S.R.'s victory over Japan in the men's team competition ended a 19-year reign during which the Japanese had won five consecutive Olympic titles and five World Championships. Dittman defeated fading teammate Nikolai Andrianov, 27, who had been king of the sport since the 1972 Olympics but failed to qualify for the all-around in Fort Worth. Last week also marked the reappearance of the People's Republic of China.

The locale may have served to mitigate the disdain with which U.S. gymnasts had long been regarded by international judges and as a result the Americans found themselves getting the scores they had always dreamed of.

While the U.S. and East Germany would battle to the wire for the team

bronze, the question of whether the Soviets could defeat the Japanese was settled almost immediately. After the opening-day compulsory exercises, the U.S.S.R. left the floor with a lead of 293.0 to 290.6 over Japan, a commanding margin, considering the U.S.S.R.'s perennial superiority in the optional exercises to follow. With a score of 289.850, the U.S. was third coming out of the compulsories.

As expected the Soviets ran away with the optionals, their drive to victory paced by a 9.95 routine from Dittman on the high bar that included his flyaway half. Japan also had second place locked up early, so the crowd turned its attention to the Chinese and the Americans.

The Chinese were well aware that their status outside the orbits of the dominant gymnastic nations would garner them few breaks from the judges. But Chinese officials agreed with the premeet assessment of Thomas, who said in effect, "They came to Texas with one purpose in mind. When people leave the arena they want them to be saying, 'Sure, the Russians won and the Americans are coming on. But did you see these Chinese?'"

The crowd's favorite was Li Yuejun, a daring acrobat not five feet tall, with tremendously muscular thighs and a squatly little body. Li did a perfect triple somersault off the high bar during team optionals, and the crowd roared. The judges said 9.8, and the crowd booed. Li bounced back onto the floor for a final bow and turned the boos back into cheers.

Despite the aura of mystery that surrounded the reemergence of the Chinese, the biggest surprise of the week was nevertheless the performance of the Americans—in addition to Thomas' heroics, Bart Conner finished in fifth place and Jim Hartung tied for ninth. Conner also won a gold medal in the parallel bars and a bronze for the vault in Sunday's individual events. As for the rest of the team, Thomas told a newspaperman that Nebraska's Larry Gerard was "either terrible or just great," that he wondered whether Minnesota's Tim LeFleur was "capable of scoring more than 9.6 in an event like this," and that UCLA's Peter Vidmar was a mere freshman and might be in

over his head. None of the three relished Thomas' biting references to them in print, but all three responded to his barbs with the best performances of their lives.

And even they might agree that Thomas is entitled to his opinions, because he is men's gymnastics right now in the U.S. A writer for *The New York Times* recently stated that Thomas is both the "Baryshnikov and Balanchine of men's gymnastics." What she forgot to add is that he is also its Bert Parks, its Billy Graham and its Bob Barker. Since August, when he and his wife moved to Arizona, Thomas has traveled to the Bahamas, New York City, Dayton, Fort Collins, Colo., Portland, Seattle, Edmonton, Vancouver, Honolulu, Las Vegas, and finally Fort Worth to compete in and promote gymnastics. And no matter how many interviews he gives or photo sessions he endures, he doesn't seem to lose his competitive edge.

In the all-around finals, for example, he cut Dittman's margin to a scant .125 at one point before running into four Eastern bloc judges—one each from Hungary, East Germany, Poland and the Soviet Union—for his performance on the rings. The first score they gave him, 9.75, was later raised to 9.8, thanks to a formal protest lodged by U.S. men's Coach Roger Cusack. But with Dittman destined to get two 9.9s and a 9.85 in his remaining three events, there was no way for Thomas to catch him.

"I still can't help but be optimistic about the Olympics, even though they're in Moscow," said Thomas. "Now that I know I'm as good or better than anything the Russians have to offer, there's no fear factor or doubt to deal with. I can concentrate completely on my routines." Thomas also recalled a conversation he had had with Japan's 31-year-old Exo Kenmotsu earlier in the week, when he was trying to cheer him up after Japan had come off the floor following the team competition:

"Japan *ichiban* [No. 1]?" said Thomas.

"No. 2, I think," said Kenmotsu.

"Then next year your turn."

"Oh, very, very hard," Kenmotsu said, putting his face in his hands. "Everyone will be yelling Russia, Russia, Russia!"

"I didn't say anything to Kenmotsu at the time," said Thomas. "But it started me thinking that, yeah, maybe this time it will be up to me."

China's Li Yuejun was a veritable five foot firecracker.



clear Karolyi was gambling that he could kick the team home without her. But then down went Emilia Eberle, Romania's No. 2 heavy hitter, falling off the beam, scoring a weak 8.95—and sending Karolyi to his bench. In the moments that followed, a gymnastic classic was born.

All sucked up and in pain so obvious it was felt in the stands, Nadia pulled off a near-perfect version of her usual routine. One-handed. She landed with a 9.95, which would turn out to be the highest score of the night. More important, it would also turn out to provide the cushion of victory for what would be Romania's first world championship.

After another rotation, to the uneven bars, the U.S. was effectively out of the contest, all the women clearly suffering from what downhill ski racers call the Steel Elbow. At that point there were only two possibilities for a U.S. bronze. One was that every last one of the East Germans would scratch on the uneven bars. The other was that every last one of the U.S. women would score a perfect 10 on the beam.

As Romania inched ahead of the U.S.S.R., 291.450 to 291.275, Karolyi constantly checked his math experts stashed around the arena to see if he would need to call Nadia in again. But his other girls wowed the judges with a

49.1 on the floor, all of them performing beautifully to corny tapes, and he didn't.

Then, around the beam, it suddenly began raining U.S. gymnasts. Down went Frederick, not once but twice. When she came offstage, her stricken teammates turned away, as if she had something contagious. Plop, plop. Down came Kathy Johnson. And Leslie Pyfer. And splash went U.S. prestige.

When the debacle finally ended, Romania had won the team gold with 389.550 to the U.S.S.R.'s 388.925. The Bronze That Might Have Been went to East Germany. Next in line was China, followed by the Czechs—and, finally, the U.S., in sixth place, one notch behind where it had finished in Strasbourg. But the team did qualify for the Olympics. By then, said Coach Linda Metheny Mulvihill, "We've got to be a lot tougher." You betcha.

In the all-around meet following the team event, Shapashnikova pulled out with a sore muscle and Johnson begged off, pleading flu, though she didn't take to her bed. Frederick was tapped to substitute—and fell off the beam again. The title went to Kim, the silver to East Germany's Maxi Gnauck and the bronze to Molita Ruhn of Romania. America's Pyfer finished 12th, Suzy Kellems 19th and Frederick 23rd.

Meanwhile, back at the hospital, Comaneci underwent surgery on her hand, but only after watching the Cowboys-Eagles game ("I didn't understand it") and holding off the doctors long enough to see herself on a telecast of the gymnastics meet. Now that's tough.

The meet closed with the individual go-round—at best, the slam-dunk contest of gymnastics. Romania's Dumitru Turner won the vault, Verna Cerna of Czechoslovakia won the beam, gold in the floor exercises went to Eberle and, at last, a little something for China. Ma sneaked into first on the uneven bars, though sharing the gold with East Germany's Gnauck, who matched her score, if not her moves.

After which the gymnasts donned their souvenir cowboy hats and headed home. The judging had been, well, pretty lopsided. "We go according to the rules and get a 9.2," said Chinese Coach Chen Xiaozhong, "while everybody else gets a 9.9. Still, we are very glad to reach what we have reached. If it wasn't for our warm welcome and for our new American friends, we wouldn't have attained such joy."

Way to go, Chen. Well put. Keep it up and you'll be murder in Moscow. As it is now, you're headed in the right direction. On the beam, so to speak. **END**

A quartet of Chinese competitors. Their smiles never faltered; their manners were impeccable and though they were superb, their scores were absurdly low.



Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. But this one is tall as a chimney, skinny as tinsel and as agile as a reindeer making a four-point landing on the roof of an A-frame. In his bag of goodies are dunks and skyhooks, turnaround jumpers and behind-the-back dribbles, rejected shots and intercepted passes. Merry Christmas, Virginia.

One minute and 39 seconds into a scoreless game against Johns Hopkins two weeks ago, the Virginia Cavaliers' 7' 4", 207-pound freshman center leaped toward the ceiling of University Hall, caught a high lob pass and slammed it through the basket. As the scoreboard flashed a bright red "2," the sellout crowd of 9,000 roared with delight. Ralph Sampson had arrived.

Since that electrifying moment, Sampson has emerged as the Cavaliers' leading scorer, rebounder, field goal shooter, shot blocker and ball stealer. He has led his team to four straight victories while inspiring lavish praise from opposing coaches. Sampson is everything he was supposed to be, which is good, and not close to what he is going to be, which is even better. And, oh yes, because his mother is a seamstress, he even knows how to make his own clothes.

Sampson's college debut was one of the most eagerly awaited and closely watched coming-out parties in recent history. As a high school player 56 miles away in Harrisonburg, he had led his team to two state AA championships, earned unanimous All-America honors, starred in post-season all-star games and made the Pan Am Games team. Through it all he had college coaches clamoring for his attention and drooling over his ability.

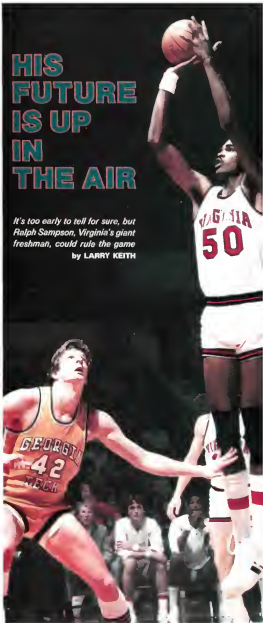
In his first four appearances, Sampson has been especially impressive on defense, where he has been as intimidating as an 88"-tall player with an 88" arm.

When the 7' 4" Sampson rises from the floor, defenders find themselves guarding at shin level.

HIS FUTURE IS UP IN THE AIR

It's too early to tell for sure, but Ralph Sampson, Virginia's giant freshman, could rule the game

by LARRY KEITH



span can be. The starting centers who opposed him were rendered almost useless. Together, they had only 12 points and nine rebounds.

After boringly easy wins over Johns Hopkins, Georgia Tech and Randolph-Macon, Sampson and the Cavaliers survived their first road test last week by beating Temple 58-52 in Philadelphia's Palestra. Sampson had 12 points, 13 rebounds and nine blocks; his counterpart, 6'11" Ron Wister, had six points, two rebounds and one block. "When Sampson puts on 30 pounds he'll be unbelievable," said Wister.

Sampson established his authority and showed off his versatility in the opening half minute when he blocked Temple's first shot and then raced downcourt to take a pass for a fast-break layup. A few minutes later he scored his second basket with a high leap over the defense and a spectacular dunk. In the second half he thrilled the crowd again when he pulled down a rebound and maneuvered out of danger with a spurned dribble.

Clearly, Sampson is not an elongated stumblebum. Every game has provided a vivid display of his potential greatness. Against Johns Hopkins he stole a pass, dribbled through traffic and passed for a layup. Against Georgia Tech he stopped a two-man fast-break by surrounding the ballhandler before he could shoot or pass. Against Randolph-Macon he canned jump shots from 12, 15 and 16 feet. And after every performance the visiting coach was all agog.

"We were hoping he would hit his head on the way in to the arena and be out for the game," said John Amen of Johns Hopkins. "He has a great shooting touch." Georgia Tech Coach Dwane Morrison compared him favorably with the young Kareem Abdul-Jabbar. "I had the privilege of coaching against Alcinder when he was a sophomore and to me they play similarly," he said. "This youngster's a better outside shooter and he plays better defense out on the ball." Randolph-Macon's Hal Nunnally came up with a more inventive comparison. "We knew we couldn't challenge Sampson," he said. "The Dominican Republic doesn't challenge the United States to a war. That's about how smart it would be to go inside on Sampson."

About the only thing hindering Sampson thus far has been his teammates'

inability to penetrate opponents' zones and give him the ball. For the first time in their undistinguished history the Cavaliers have been winning more on talent than on execution.

The most talented Virginian, of course, is Sampson. "Some great players take away from those around him, but Ralph adds," says Guard Jeff Lamp, who led the ACC in scoring last year with a 22.9-point average. Lamp has struggled so far—40% shooting and a 10-point average—but he isn't worried. "He's going to take a lot of defensive pressure off me, so I'll have more open jump shots," Lamp says. "He'll probably score 15 to 20 points a game himself, but he's going to help us the most with his rebounds, assists, shot blocking, outlet passes and intimidation."

Virginia Coach Terry Holland hoped for nothing less when he signed Sampson to a scholarship last spring. After Sampson chose the Cavaliers over such established powers as Kentucky, North Carolina and Virginia Tech, Holland said "Thank God he's coming to Virginia" and began entertaining thoughts of a national championship. "The first time I ever saw Ralph was at the opening game of his junior year in high school," Holland says. "My assistant coach and I were punching each other all the way back home. We couldn't believe he was only an hour away. He wasn't awesome, but you could see his potential. He has a chance to be the best who ever played."

Holland is not the only person around Charlottesville who feels that way, of course. Even before Sampson announced that he would enroll, someone painted RALPH'S HOUSE in big black letters on the roof of University Hall. Since his arrival he has been the subject of T-shirts and bumper stickers, and a local restaurant named an eight-ounce turkey and roast beef sandwich after him. As a result, Holland is fighting an uphill battle when he tries to temper the public's soaring expectations.

Before the season began, the coach made it a point to tell everyone who would listen that Sampson couldn't possibly be as good as they expected. "People have seen high school highlight films of Ralph blocking every shot, getting every rebound and scoring every time he shoots," Holland says. "He can never live up to that." Once, however, when the coach's downplaying was misunderstood

and an October newspaper headline blared HOLLAND SAYS RALPH BAD IN EARLY GOING, Holland wanted to sue. "I'm just trying to take the pressure off this year," he says. "We're a nice team and maybe we deserve to be in the Top 20."

Virginia is much more than just nice, and Holland knows this better than anyone. For one thing, Sampson is more accomplished than even Holland had hoped. The coach had originally intended to take advantage of his size and "nail him to the lane," but after watching Sampson in practice, Holland decided to allow him more mobility. "Ralph's a better all-around player than I thought he would be," Holland says. "He is so good at playing a complete game that I've decided to let him come out to the high post sometimes and move around in the offense. I'm sure there will be occasions when I'll say 'What the hell is he doing out there,' but he has more than just height. He's quick and he can shoot and he can pass."

Sampson also sees himself as a player with several dimensions. "I know people expect me to be the dominant force and help Virginia win the ACC, but I just want to play my own game," he says. "I don't worry about scoring. The most important thing I can do is get the rebound and start the fast break." Even more than that, however, Sampson enjoys those plays that allow him to show off his outside shooting and ball handling skills. "I really would like to be a '4' guard," he says.

Sampson isn't comfortable talking about himself. He is about as likely to give a reporter a revealing answer to a question as he is to retort against an opponent's pushing and shoving. Both require an expenditure of emotion and feeling he doesn't care to offer. Although he is often compared to Abdul-Jabbar, their closest similarity at the moment is that they run uncourt in the same loping manner, with thumbs pointed up and hands cupped at the chest. It took Sampson four games to score as many points, 56, as Abdul-Jabbar did in his college debut against USC.

But, as Holland pointed out last week, Sampson is "green and growing. I'm looking forward to the time he finally flowers." But until that happens, the Ralph Sampson who has already sprouted will be plenty good enough. **END**

THE BOO BIRDS RETURN TO NEW YORK

The Big Apple went bonkers last season when the Islanders amassed the NHL's best record, only to be ousted from the playoffs by the upstart Rangers. Now both teams are flailing poorly and the rafters are ringing with Bronx cheers **by E. M. SWIFT**



Saves like this goeying hack against Boston have been few and far between for Islander Goalender Chico Resch, who also has been hurt by a porous defense.

"Let faith oust fact; let fancy oust memory; I look deep down and do believe."

Those words, originally spoken by the mate Starbuck during the ill-fated voyage of Herman Melville's *Pequod*, may well have been on the lips of a man at the helm of another vessel that, until last week, appeared to be sinking—Bill Torrey of the New York Islanders. The faith—some say fancy—of the Islanders' general manager is that his team has the talent and the heart to win the Stanley Cup. The fact is that, had the NHL playoffs started last Saturday, the Islanders would not even have qualified. They were No. 18 in the 21-team league.

And the memory is a grim one: a semi-

final loss to the underdog New York Rangers in last season's playoffs. It was the second year in a row that Torrey's young, ostensibly powerful Islanders had been upset before the finals, and almost everyone—the players included—expected some personnel changes in the off season. But Torrey stood pat, with disastrous results so far. After 26 games the Islanders were 9-13-4. Last season they lost only 15 of their 80 games and had the best record in hockey. But now they already have been defeated by such weak sisters as Detroit, St. Louis, Colorado and Vancouver—which combined for an 0-14-4 record against the 1978-79 Islanders—and, most humiliating of all, by an expansion team, the

Edmonton Oilers. Not once, but twice.

"There's no question that our awful start is a carry-over from last year's playoff loss to the Rangers," admits Islander Forward Bob Bourne. "Subconsciously, you feel, 'Why beat our brains out before the playoffs? It doesn't get us anywhere anyway.' I hope we don't kid ourselves into thinking we can turn it around any time we want."

Last week, playing without All-Star Defenseman Denis Potvin, who will miss the next seven weeks following surgery to repair a torn ligament in his right thumb, the Islanders finally began to turn things around. On Thursday night they ended a stretch in which they had lost eight of 11 games—and silenced, at least temporarily,



Ranger fortunes soared when ex-colleague Steve Baker came up from the minors to plug the net

ily, their disgruntled home fans—by edging the Boston Bruins 4-3, and on Saturday night they put together their first 60-minute effort of the year and stunned the Maple Leafs 6-1 at Toronto. Then, on Sunday night, the Islanders met New York's other struggling team, the Rangers, at Madison Square Garden and lost a wild shootout 5-4.

In a way, the Rangers' problems can be traced to that same seminal series with the Islanders. Flushed with that success, the youthful Rangers seem to have let their Darlings-of-Broadway image go to their heads. They have been spending so much time stepping out in the New York night spots that they have been dancing a bit on the ice, forgetting that it was hard work in the less fashionable corners that brought the team success. As one Ranger official says, "A little partying's all right, but you've got to pick your spots. This pace is going to wear them out." The Rangers played 5-9-1 hockey in November, including a humiliating 10-5 loss to their floundering neighbors on Long Island. Said one unsympathetic Islander, "The Rangers weren't really struggling like us. They just weren't putting out."

"Yes, we're just starting to get our intensity now," says Ranger Goaltie John Davidson, the star of last spring's playoffs, who is just now regaining his form after an August knee operation. "We lost some people in the draft that I'm not sure management wanted to lose, like Pierre Plante and Nick Fotu. They were tough guys. There're a lot of new faces around here, and it's going to take a while for them to blend in."

The prime reason for a number of the new faces is Barry (Bubba) Beck, 22, the 6' 3", 215-pound defenseman whom the Rangers acquired from Colorado last month in exchange for four players, including three regulars, and a wad of cash. The strongest player in the league, Beck fills the "enforcer" void left by Fotu's departure. But in his first month as a Ranger, Beck has fallen somewhat shy of expectations; slowed by a pulled groin muscle, he hasn't earned the puck well and too often has wandered too far from his defensive position.

Until two weeks ago, the blame for the Rangers' shoddy play—and the boos of the Garden crowds—was directed at the goaltenders—Davidson, Wayne Thomas and Doug Soetart, who had combined for a sky-high 4.17 goals-against average. Somewhat desperate, the Ranger management—and no one's really sure whether it's General Manager-Coach Fred Shero, Assistant GM Mickey Keating, Assistant Coach Mike Nykoluk, PR Director John Halligan, Assistant to the President Rod Gilbert or Madison Square Garden President Sonny Werblin who runs this club—called up Steve Baker, 22, from the New Haven farm club two weeks ago. In his first five games the Boston-born-and-raised Baker lost only

once and had a 2.40 goals-against average. Not surprisingly, New York's fickle fans instantly took to Baker, whom John Ferguson, Shero's predecessor as Ranger coach, discovered at Union College in 1977.

When Baker was temporarily stunned by a shot last Wednesday during a 3-3 tie against the Chicago Black Hawks, Davidson skated out to check on Baker's health and was greeted by a chorus of boos from the Madison Square Garden crowd. As Davidson leaned over the fallen Baker, the catcalls rang, "Don't touch him! Don't even speak to him! What you've got might be catching."

"They've been treating Baker like he's the mayor of New York," says worrier

continued

Ranger Captain Dave Maloney. "Jeez, let the kid come along slowly."

According to its critics, New York's other team has also suffered from leaky goaltending, among other things. The Islanders, perennially among the leaders in fewest goals allowed, have been giving up 3.75 a game—about one more than they did a year ago. "I've always played on teams with tight defense," says Chico Resch, who shares the Islander goaltending load with Billy Smith. "I used to get maybe 22 shots a game, and two of them would be tough ones. Now it's 32 shots a game—and 12 of them are tough. I'm not used to this. I don't think my goals-against was this high in college. This year has been 10 times tougher in the quality of shots."

Why? "I'll give you three reasons," says one Islander. "Eddie Westfall, Bert Marshall, Gerry Hart. That's fiber."

The Islanders lost Hart to Quebec in the expansion draft, and Marshall and Westfall retired after last season. All three were defensive specialists, but their greatest contributions came in a less tangible way, leadership by example. On each shift they sacrificed personal goals for the good of the team. For two months of this season, precious few Islanders have shown a willingness to do that. Says Bourne, "One player told me before the season, 'The hell with it; I'm going for more goals.' Deep down, we don't have the enthusiasm."

A quick look at the Islanders' history is revealing. Founded in 1972, they were

built around draft choices and defense. Significantly, their first true star was a defenseman—Potvin. In their third year, the Islanders used a disciplined, close-checking style to knock the haughty Rangers out of the 1975 playoffs, went on to eliminate Pittsburgh after trailing 3-0 in games and finally lost to the eventual Stanley Cup champions, the Philadelphia Flyers, in seven games in the semifinals. The next two years they were eliminated by the Cup-winning Montreal Canadiens, but the Islanders were tagged as the heirs apparent. However, in 1977, when the Mike Bossy-Bryan Trottier-Clark Gillies line was put together and became the highest-scoring unit in hockey, something changed.

"The Islanders had always been a team whose success was in their defense," says Resch. "Then people started saying we couldn't beat the Canadiens without more scoring, so we started to open up. We got away from what got us here."

What really haunts Torrey is that for two years running his highly paid, high-scoring Trio Grande has been completely throttled in the playoffs, adding fuel to the argument that a one-line team can be contained in a short series.

Hoping to spread the scoring wealth among all three forward lines, Coach Al Arbour broke up the Trio Grande and in recent weeks has tried countless new line formations. In the most recent experiment, he has put Swedish import Anders Kallur on a line with Bossy and Trottier, whose play has been lackluster at times, and moved Gillies to left wing with Billy Harris and 19-year-old Right Wing Duane Sutter, New York's No. 1 draft choice last summer. Torrey had originally returned Sutter to the Lethbridge (Alta.) Broncos of the Western Canada Junior League for seasoning, but when the Islanders were floundering two weeks ago he wisely recalled him for another look. "The kid should never have been sent down in the first place," snaps one Islander. Sutter has scored three goals in six games and, better still, added some life to Gillies' stale game.

Before the season, the 6'3", 220-pound Gillies, 24, resigned his captaincy, complaining that the pressure was such that he was getting severe headaches that were affecting his play. Torrey and Arbour conferred, then appointed Denis Potvin the new captain. This, in itself, may be partly responsible for the team's horrendous start; the cosmopolitan Pot-

continued

The Rangers admire Beck's jarring checks but await the arrival of the rest of his defensive game.





“Us Tareyton smokers would rather **light** than fight!”

Your present filter is only doing half the job, because it doesn't have Tareyton's activated charcoal filtration. There is no substitute for Tareyton lights flavor.



8mg. tar

9mg. tar

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Tareyton lights, 8 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine; Tareyton long lights, 9 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

vin prefers a life-style that is far removed from the farm-boy image projected by most of his teammates; he has never, as one Islander says, been "one of the guys." "Some of the old resentment's come out again," says an Islander. "After not giving the puck up to the other defensemen, Denis tried a couple of 'Come on, guys, let's work together' talks between periods. They didn't go over too well."

Torrey, aware of the problem, keeps a stiff upper lip. "I don't mind that," he says. "A little controversy's the best thing in the world for a team. The only thing I could possibly indict Denis on is that after missing all of training camp with a shoulder injury, he came back and tried to do too much too soon."

Which is another way of saying he never passed the puck. The simple fact is this: although Potvin has scored 21 points in just 13 games, the Islanders' record is 2-9-2 when he has played and 7-4-2 when he has been injured.

Torrey does not consider the leadership void to be critical. He also is not yet willing to admit that his patiently constructed team doesn't have the makeup of a champion. Not publicly, anyway. At 3:30 p.m. last Friday, Torrey flatly rejected this notion expressed by one Islander: "What we need most of all is a goon," the player said. "If we had a guy like Dave Semenko of Edmonton around for protection, guys on our team like Wayne Merrick would be a lot more effective." However, two hours later, Torrey added some muscle and punch to the Islanders when he acquired tough Defenseman Gordon Lane from Washington. Lane has averaged 140 penalty minutes a season and never hesitates to use whatever means are necessary to keep opponents away from his goaltender.

"Everybody's hollering that we should get rid of this, that or the other," Torrey says. "Listen. We've had two bad months. Last year we had six good months, then lost four games, and all of a sudden we're bums. So what do I judge our assets by? The six months or the four games?"

"Hockey isn't a game where you can say, 'Hey, this is the way we're going to play.' You have to be able to make adjustments. Montreal is either good enough or smart enough to go with another style of play when things aren't working, and that's what we've lacked so far. Al and I are going to have to assess who can and cannot make those mental adjustments. It's not whether this



Scoring champion Trotter (19) has impressive stats again but has not played with his usual tenacity.

team has the physical capabilities to be a championship team, but the mental capabilities. Our players thought this season was going to be a cakewalk: four schlocky expansion teams coming in, a schedule in which we played Philly, At-

lanta and the Rangers four times instead of eight. They forgot that these other teams had something to prove."

Now, spoiled by a great white whale called Success, New York's Islanders and Rangers do, too.

END

Boston's Rick Smith easily fends off Gillies, who has displayed none of his vintage aggressiveness.



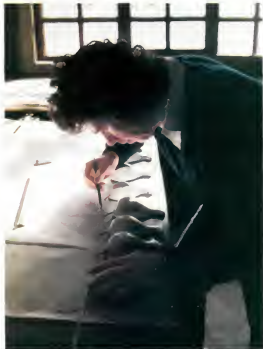


*The 30-foot *Rush*, a new hull-tanner by Holland, sails off the coast of France under the watchful eye of her designer (far left)*

WHERE TO DRAW THE LINE

When yacht designer Ron Holland wields a pencil at his drawing board in an old Irish piggery, the marks he makes oftentimes become a champion boat

by SELWYN PARKER



With painstaking care, Holland adds yet another line to his plans for Jim Kilroy's new 81-foot *Kialoa*.

It is after midnight and Ron Holland is doing what he does best, designing racing yachts. Using a flexible length of wood to steady his pencil, he draws and re-draws a series of smooth curves on a plain white sheet of paper. At one end the curves run together, at the other they separate. In no way do they resemble, or even suggest, the lines of a boat. But, so Holland, what is taking place on paper is the birth of a new design. It is an 81-foot yacht, the king of ocean racers—a boat of a size that has all but vanished from the seas. The future owner will be Jim Kilroy, a Los Angeles property developer and inveterate blue-water sailor.

The curves are the barest outline, not even a skeleton. But already Holland knows how the boat will behave in big seas, how well she will endure the brutal treatment that Kilroy and his crew will inflict on her, how neatly she will spin around in a tack. Holland makes an erasure. Frowning with concentration, he starts again. He is taking no chances with Kilroy's yacht. The commission is Holland's biggest so far, and Kilroy is no different from other big-yacht owners. He expects his money's worth, that means a winner. The boat Kilroy sails at present, the 79-foot *Kialoa*, is already the fastest in the world. The new *Kialoa* is expected to be even faster.

Inside the office it is absolutely quiet. Just a few steps outside the door flows the Owenboy River, its inky blackness contrasting with the yellow lights on the opposite shore half a mile away. Distinguishable among the lights is the bright glow of the bar in the Royal Cork Yacht Club, which was founded in 1720 and claims to be the oldest yacht club in the world. Dancing at their moorings—but invisible in the darkness—are the scores of yachts in the Royal Cork's marina. Many of them have come off Holland's drawing board.

At 2:30 a.m. Holland clears his desk and puts the drawings away in neatly annotated files stacked in rows of shelves. The new *Kialoa* has a long way to go before she will be ready for construction,

but to Holland the yacht has already acquired a personality that makes her different from anything he has done before. Leaving the converted stone piggy and cow shed that serve as his office, he walks the 20 yards to his home, an extensively renovated cottage where his American wife, Laurel, and their two young daughters have been asleep for hours.

At 8:30 a.m. Holland is back in the office. Two secretaries are busy taking phone calls from Australia, Korea, France, Finland, America and everywhere else boatyards are constructing Holland designs. Right-hand man Butch Dalrymple-Smith is briefing two rich Frenchmen who have leased their ski resort and have commissioned a 64-foot cruising ketch. Dalrymple-Smith, son of a retired rear admiral in the British Roy-

al Navy, is a soulmate of Holland's. He usually wears stained jeans in the office and often doesn't shave. Today, however, he has spruced up—he has on clean jeans and a traditional woolen sweater. A few yards away in the converted cow shed a team of assistant designers and draftsmen work on other commissions.

The boss sits behind an antique desk in the "loft," an extra story crammed into the beams of the piggy by some arifal carpenter. The only way to reach the loft is via a neck-breakingly steep ladder. Through a window there is a view of the river and, directly across, the steeply banked stone houses of the village of Crosshaven. By craning his neck, a visitor can see Drake's Pool at the head of the river, where the redoubtable Sir Francis sheltered successfully from a pursu-

continued



Kelly, 4, and Benna, 3, dance to the beat of Daddy's drums



A wooden rudder post undergoes a close inspection by Holland and an assistant



His impressive twin-engine Cessna 402B whisks Holland off to distant ports, while his not-so-impressive Renault manages to get the designer to the plane

ing Spanish patrol in the days when Good Queen Bess ruled Ireland. The sound of rock music thuds through the office.

The setting of this rural idyll is Currabunny, County Cork, unlikely headquarters of one of the youngest and most successful design teams in contemporary ocean racing. Ron Holland, 32, is its equally unlikely chief. Holland failed the most elementary public exam for secondary schools in his native Auckland, New Zealand, repeatedly flunked math (considered by many to be a requisite in yacht design) and has no formal qualifications whatsoever in naval architecture. He even elected not to complete a boatbuilding apprenticeship. Yet today everybody wants a Holland design.

A sample of his clients: former British Prime Minister Ted Heath, the San Francisco blue-water wizard Dave Allen, conductor Herbert von Karajan, Greek shipping magnate John Goulandris, Italian financier Giorgio Carriero, Patrick Hillyer, president of Ireland. All own Holland-designed boats. Many of them are energetic men whose idea of leisure is to push stripped-down yachts to the breaking point in the quest for bits of silverware. Most of them have a common quality: on water, as on land, they like to win. Holland is there to satisfy that aim.

Holland, usually a phlegmatic man, at times betrays surprise at his sudden eminence. "It seems funny when a kid from Torbay [on Auckland's north shore] can knock on Mr. Heath's door and ask, 'Can I come in for a cup of tea and talk about your boat?'" Heath responds in kind. Recently he sent Holland an autographed record jacket featuring himself conducting a brass band.

From Currabunny, where the cows graze right down to the river's edge, the design team does a global business. "I'm like the village shopkeeper," says Holland, "except that my customers are all over the world. It's outrageous trying to keep in contact with them all."

Just five years ago, Holland had only a single commission, an Admiral's Cupper for a wealthy Cork businessman, and nothing else in sight. "It took them a long time to get the message," he says. Now he has what naval architects dream about: a mixture of royalty income from

his stock-boat designs and fixed-fee cash from the one-offs that give him a chance to experiment, to flex his muscles. Holland's accountant, Clayton Love, refuses to provide a profit figure, but he says the company's 1979 turnover will be "between \$400,000 and \$500,000." That figure will double within a few years, Love forecasts.

With the money has come pressure. A secretary, balancing coffee cups and a plateful of biscuits on a tray, mounts the ladder "Ron, there's a call for you."



Even at the age of five, Holland drew some snappy boats

"OK. I'd better take it." He picks up the phone. "Hi, how are things in Panama?"

Moments later, Holland's younger brother, Phil, pokes his head above the ladder. "Excuse me. That American doctor is flying in tomorrow morning. He's on the phone now."

"Hell, I'm not going to be here."

"It's the only day he can make it."

"Explain to him I'm committed. I'm in Greece. I just can't get out of it." Ron flicks open a diary. "I'm going to be racing and talking to a few clients in Athens on Friday," he says. "I'm back for Monday, then on the 15th, 16th and 17th I'm in England to talk to a customer in Exeter who's going to do a mini-tonner. Then I'm going to the Genoa boat show to see some Italian customers. On the 24th I'm in Sweden for a one-off proj-

ect, and then I go to Finland for the sailing trials of the new Nautor 37."

He slams the book shut. Satisfied, Phil withdraws his head. Moments later he can be heard apologizing to the doctor. Who decides to come anyway.

Holland uses a plane to get around in Europe, a \$135,000, eight-seat Cessna 402B. It is parked at Cork Airport, a 15-minute drive away. Like the casual Dalrymple-Smith (who has been heard to exclaim, "I don't even know what they pay me here"), Holland doesn't go in for appearances. The family car is a drafty, boxy Renault. He almost apologizes for owning the plane, defending it on the grounds of time saving. "I had this round-the-world boat at a yard in La Rochelle," he says. "Before we bought the plane, the only way to get there was to fly to Dublin, change for London, where you could just catch a plane to Paris, and then get another one to La Rochelle. If you were lucky, you got there around 4:30 in the afternoon, absolutely whacked."

Holland's travel bills top \$100,000 a year, and Telex and telephone charges average around \$30,000.

Holland's idea of a break from importunate clients is to pack his briefcase and oobins and go sailing. (If he requires only a brief release, he belts a set of drums that he keeps in the house.) Sailing is also a way of testing his designs firsthand.

On the morning of last Aug. 14 he, along with the other crew members of Ireland's Golden Apple of the Sun, was receiving a salutary warning of what every designer ultimately is up against: the power of wind and sea. The race was the Fastnet, the climax of the Admiral's Cup series, the unofficial ocean-racing championship of the world. A rogue gale had swept almost without warning across the Fastnet course. Winds of 60 knots scythed through the fleet, kicking up huge, steep seas. While Holland was at the helm, an enormous wave had poked up the nine-ton Golden Apple and swept her sideways, cracking her rudder. Inside an hour, the crippled rudder had broken off and floated away. Made of a carbon fiber, the rudder was a Holland inspiration. Carbon fiber is approximately four times stronger than fiber glass and much lighter. But when the rudder broke, the entire crew of

continued

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DRAWING THE LINE *continued*

Golden Apple was in urgent danger. Elsewhere on the gale-torn Fastnet course, 15 crewmen had already died, some had been plucked straight off the deck by roaring waves; one was even swept from the cockpit, still clinging to the remnants of the steering post, by hundreds of tons of white water.

Facing the prospect of the \$200,000 yacht being dashed to bits on the shore of the Scilly Islands 40 miles to the south, Golden Apple's crew elected to abandon ship. While a Royal Navy helicopter stood by, they clambered into a flimsy raft as the boat's bucking stern threatened to empty them all into the sea. It was only the skill of the helicopter pilot that saved them. Hovering 40 feet above the unequal battle—tons of uncontrollable yacht against a skin of rubber—he simply blew the life raft away from Golden Apple with his downdraft, and one by one the crew was winched to safety.

"It was pretty exciting for a few minutes," says Holland in what, for him, amounts to hyperbole. If there is one word that sums up his approach to business and life, it is level-headedness. Taking a cue from the boss, the office functions with the same relaxed discipline. Holland doesn't shout, wave his arms about or scream at his staff. In fact, he says, he spoils them. The comparison with a crew of a racing yacht is inescapable. Everybody in the office knows what to do—if not, work sheets pinned to the walls inform them—and they do it. Nobody fusses.

From school days Holland seems to have applied the same kind of level-headed independence to all major decisions. At 16 he walked out of secondary school—"too academic," he says—and told his mother later. Even then he seemed to know that his future lay in boats. Until a primary schoolteacher introduced him to Arthur Ransome's *Swallows and Amazons*, a classic children's tale about a sailing holiday off England's Norfolk Broads, Holland had read nothing. Teachers had sent him to remedial reading classes. But after *Swallows and Amazons* he became a bookworm. He had been sailing since he was seven, when his father bought him a seven-foot dinghy, undaunted by the fact that in his first race he finished fourth and last.

Holland got into the boating industry

as an apprentice, and quickly checked that job because the boss would not give him time off to go ocean racing. Next stop: America, aboard a cargo boat. He remembers vividly his first heady days in Los Angeles as the guest of a wealthy family. "I had hardly arrived and I was invited to this concert," he says. "I dug out my best clothes, which consisted of a pair of strides [Kiwi parlance for trousers] and a broken-down blazer, and there I was listening to Chopin. Next day I ended up having dinner with some Soviet shipping agents." For the kid from Torbay, it was an entrée into an exciting new world.

Although he now lives and works in Ireland, Holland has a special affinity with America. His wife Laurel is from Higgins Lake, Mich.; the family spends three months of the year in Florida, where brother-in-law Gary Carlin produces Holland's one-offs at Kiwi Boats; and Holland frequently races in American waters. He spent nearly three years working with American designers, first Gary Mull and finally the flamboyant Charlie Morgan.

It was in 1973, after less than three years of intermittent design experience, that Holland changed course again. He left Morgan to campaign his own quarter-tonner, *Eyghene*, in the world championships at Weymouth, England. It was a radical design—based, Holland admits now, on intuition, not "plain arithmetic." *Eyghene* won.

And just in time. With Laurel, whom he had married in 1971, he was living aboard the cramped quarter-tonner. A potential sale had just fallen through. He had no money in the bank.

Perhaps winners make their own luck. After the quarter-ton championships, an Irish sailmaker and a sailing businessman invited Holland to come to Ireland to design a yacht for them, and sent the air fares to the Hollands. Neither Ron nor Laurel had ever been to Ireland. All Ron knew about the country was that Sir Thomas Lipton, Ireland's "Gallant Lover," is enshrined there as the man who holds the record for unsuccessful challenges for the America's Cup—five.

Laurel grew up in a sailing family among the uncompromising enthusiasts of yachting people. She is a quiet, charming woman, with intelligent eyes, perfect teeth and an olive skin. She and Ron met

continued

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aboard a racing yacht. Only a day later, Holland asked the ship's cook to marry them. Laurel's reaction was a blend of outrage and fascination. "Mad, I thought it was absolutely mad," she says. "I didn't know anything about him. I thought he was an adventurer. He kept on talking about sailing around the Horn. Besides, I wanted to meet the other guys on the boat."

It wasn't a standard shipboard romance. The only time they could hold hands was at 2 a.m. on a windswept deck, while wearing oilskins. At that, the couple could enjoy only a few snatched minutes together because they were on different watches, and one or the other soon had to go below to try to get some sleep in a narrow bunk in an atmosphere dank with condensation from wet sails.

In some ways their situation is not much different now, after eight years of marriage. Holland is abroad about three days every week, and when he's at home

the lights burn late in the piggery. To entice Ron away from the business, Laurel recently bought an old cottage tucked among West Cork's lush hills and valleys. So far, Ron has not succumbed. Optimistically, Laurel continues to renovate the cottage "A 50-year plan," says Ron dismissively.

Squinting into a late-autumn sun reflecting off the Owenboy River, Holland acknowledges his priorities. "In the first two years here, I spared no effort in taking any opportunity that I came across," he says. "Some people would say that it was an impossible effort in the context of my private life, and I still hardly have a private life. But if you've got the talent and you are prepared to work hard, that's the only thing which gets you climbing up the ladder."

How many rungs are left? Already Holland designs have won the showcase world championships from the Quarter Ton Cup to the Two Ton Cup. Some he

has won twice. He is contracted to one of the biggest and most respected boat-building yards in the world, Nautor of Finland. He is even secure enough to have rejected an approach from Britain to build an America's Cup yacht for the 1980 challenge. With design fees of \$3,000 to \$30,000 a yacht, he has no financial worries.

What continues to fascinate Holland is the pursuit of the elusive breakthrough, the vital edge, the extra fraction of a knot that produces victory. The quality that sets him apart from lesser designers is a willingness to experiment, to push back the frontiers. Thus he risks producing flops, but so far he has not had one.

The top ocean racer of 1977 was *Imp*, a Holland design that featured a "space-frame," a computer-designed internal framework that buttressed the hull at critical points. The space-frame's advantage is that it allows the boat to be built superlight. When *Imp* started winning ev-

continued

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DRAWING THE LINE continued

everything, rival designers screamed foul. Holland's 1973 world quarter-ton winner, *Eggihene*, has flared-out sides that nobody had considered before. They allow the crew to sit out farther, giving the boat more power.

But sometimes experimenting has gone too far. In the devastating conditions of the Fastnet, no fewer than six Holland boats lost their carbon-fiber rudders. At the time, one of them, *Regardless*, having already performed the astonishing feat of winning two Admiral's Cup races in one series, was set to join *Imp* on the honors board as top boat of the 1979 event. Although the carbon-fiber rudder had worked well on *Imp*, Holland's characteristically blunt verdict was, "We were dumb. We should have done more research."

Much of Holland's success, and that of other designers, results from rule-fiddling, juggling numbingly complex formulas so that a yacht earns a favorable rating under the rules of competition. The lower the rating, the better the handicap. But Holland also reveals a sense of adventure, a genuine eagerness to try things out, which formal training might have discouraged.

"Designers aren't expert in everything, in every facet of the yacht," he says. "We have to communicate with people who are." He cites his own interest in plastics development, in the construction of Grand Prix cars and in powerboats, a branch of water sport most sailing people abhor. "This idea that a designer should consult non-sailing experts is new," Holland says. "We're a very traditional industry." Success, however, has partly tempered Holland's fascination with experiment. He admits now to designing "50% by flair, 50% by plain arithmetic. Before, it was more 75/25."

Fear of a failure, of producing a dog, seems to be the design office's only abiding anxiety. That, too, comes from the boss. "Ron takes even a partial failure very much to heart," Dalrymple-Smith confides. "Much more than me, for instance. I say, 'Look, things will be all right,' but he even goes off his food."

That is understandable. In the highly competitive world of racing design, where winning equals success and losing is failure, Ron Holland needs a hungry mind to keep that vital edge.



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DISPENSERS OF LOVE AND LINIMENT

Banker, shrink, mother, father, travel agent, lawyer—that's your typical NBA trainer, whose many duties also include taping ankles **by JOHN PAPANEK**

Bob (Chopper) Travaglini used to cook spaghetti with his parents in a south New Jersey restaurant. One day, after what seemed to be his millionth order of spaghetti, he started a semipro football team, and for the last 23 of his 47 years he has been treating bruises, taping ankles and soothing egos. For the past six years he has been doing this, and many other things, for the NBA Denver Nuggets. Before that he worked for the Virginia Squires and Washington Caps of the ABA and knocked around in some minor league football bushes that the late Euell Gibbons could not have identified.

So this particular time, see—Travaglini is telling the story over cocktails late one night after a Nuggets game—one of Chopper's guys was doubled up on the ground, and he ran out with his bag. Only it wasn't the basketball season. Chopper was filling in as trainer for the Denver Stars of something called Major League Rodeo.

"Being from South Jersey, I'm unfamiliar with bulls and horses and things," says Chopper. "So I'm out there running across the dirt, and I hear somebody holler, 'Chopper, look out!' And I turn around, and not five feet away is a 2,000-pound piece of meat that wants to do nothing but kill me. So I throw the bag down and take off—thank goodness I had sneaks on—and climbed over the rail. So I learned a lesson. From then on I always look around before I run out. I don't care if it is basketball. There are big, angry guys running loose out there sometimes, too."

The most hazardous duty for a pro basketball trainer, of course, usually comes after hours on the road when he is chasing down a fun-loving player who has forgotten the location of his hotel. That is a big part of the job. As is consoling lonely rookies and endangered coaches, bribing

airline agents and bus drivers, making nonexistent hotel rooms appear, washing uniforms, leaving wake-up calls and finding ways to get to games through weather that stops the U.S. mail. The trainer also does the things trainers are expected to do according to their job descriptions, like treat minor injuries, supervise rehabilitation programs for players who have suffered major ones, tape ankles and administer smelling salts. But, says Golden State's Dick D'Olive, "That is only 25% of our job."

All but the two wealthiest NBA teams—New York and Los Angeles—require their trainers to act as traveling secretaries and equipment men on the road as well. "I'm a travel agent, laundress, mother, father, brother, shrink, banker and lawyer," says D'Olive, who also has had to haul out more than one Warrior from jail. The trainer is generally one other thing, too—a court jester.

"You have to be a funny guy in this job," says Al Domenico, 51, now in his 17th year with the Philadelphia 76ers.

continued



The Nuggets' Travaglini thought he'd seen everything until he worked the rodeo

"If you don't keep everyone up, get their minds off the bad games and the travel, throw things at them when they're getting on the bus at seven in the morning so they can laugh, then you're not worth a damn." It should be noted that in a recent article about the most important people in Philadelphia sports, Philadelphia magazine named Domenico, not Julius Erving or General Manager Pat Williams, as the most important person on the 76er roster, which says something about pro basketball trainers. For all their value, however, not one of them earns

\$30,000 per year, which is what the league's lowest-paid player draws.

D'Oliva and the Phoenix Suns' Joe Proski, 40, whose father was an assistant trainer, among other things, for the Green Bay Packers for 40 years, did time in baseball's rankiest minor leagues, driving buses, catching batting practice, raking pitchers' mounds and sleeping in two-bit motel rooms. The Lakers' Jack Curran, 45, was a truck driver until he got his first trainer job with the Pensacola Dons of Class D baseball. Later he hooked up with the New Haven Blades,

a team in the Eastern Hockey League.

"First thing they wanted to know was 'Can you sharpen skates?'" says Curran. "The second thing was 'Can you be the backup goaltender?'" I said, "Heck, yes." Anything for a job, right? So every day I'd put on the pads and be a target in practice. Then on Thanksgiving night, 1959, against the Clinton Comets, one of our players skated across Normie DeFelice's arm. So I finished the game as their goalie. Clinton's winning 3-2 when I go in and I give up five goals to my own team. Ha! We win. ... I mean New Haven wins, 7-3."

For his part, Domenico worked the Roller Derby, "which was really fun," he says. "They used to decide who would win before each game, but they really needed a trainer because they would go out and beat the hell out of each other. That sport had the one injury a trainer could really do nothing for—pulled-out hair. We had a lot of that."

Chopper Travaglini's early years were spent with some of the fabled roughneck football teams from the South Jersey-Philadelphia area, outfits like the Jersey Jays and Pottstown Firebirds. Things are so tough down there that Travaglini once tore ligaments in his elbows while taping ankles. "We had some tough tape," he says. "It was tough to get it off the roll. Then the guys would make me pull it so tight, I tore ligaments. I had 40 guys to tape one day, and they were in a bad pre-game mood. So I injected myself with novocaine so I could finish the job."

Of course, having been hurt himself makes it easier for a trainer to identify with an injured player. Last summer Travaglini was filling in for the baseball Denver Bears of the American Association. Enjoying the pace of the game, which is much easier on a trainer than basketball or rodeo, Chopper took a seat one sunny day in the stands. "I've got the best hands in the world," he was bragging to folks around him. "but in 30 years of going to baseball games I've never caught a foul ball." Sure enough, a perfectly catchable pop-up appeared instantly—and broke Chopper's little finger in two places.

The most common basketball injuries are to the feet, ankles and knees. But trainers often are called upon to diagnose other ailments. D'Oliva once rushed to the aid of Center Dale Schleuter, who seemed to be convulsing during a Warriors game at San Francisco's Cow Pal-



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ace Schleuter couldn't tell D'Olive that was wrong, and there were some anxious moments before he finally coughed up a huge horsely that had come to the Cow Palace for the Grand National Rodeo and Livestock Exhibition, then playing in the building.

Proski remembers being scared to death when Connie Hawkins crumpled to the floor during a Sunday afternoon game in Los Angeles. "Hawk! what is it? Are you OK?" Proski panted. "Hell, yeah," said Hawkins. "But all those folks back in Green Bay are just eating their hearts out seeing you live on national TV!"

Then there was the time Proski received a call from the Phoenix Suns' doctor, Paul Steingard, who told him that Stretch Howard, a seldom-used rookie, had broken his thumb during a game the previous night. "But that's impossible," said Proski. "Stretch didn't play." "I know," said Steingard, "but he got excited and sat on his thumb."

Last season Darryl Dawkins frequently complained to Domenico of a sore right shoulder. Domenico applied ultrasound and played Dawkins into the whirlpool, but the soreness kept coming back. Both player and trainer were mystified until Domenico saw Dawkins walking through an airport with his 40-pound cassette machine slung by a strap over his right shoulder. Domenico suggested he alternate shoulders, and the problem went away.

Domenico is the prince of practical jokers on the 76ers. When management got rid of several players last season Domenico would cut each man's face out of the previous year's team picture. Understandably, the surviving players were on edge. One night the locker-room telephone rang as they were getting into uniform. "Wait a minute," Domenico yelled, putting his hand over the receiver. "Don't anyone get undressed yet." And for several minutes the players froze, watching him mumble into the phone. Sixers Coach Billy Cunningham also has learned to be wary of Domenico. During a game last season in Kansas City, Domenico yelled one of the "magic words" at a referee: "Who said that?" asked the ref. "He did," said Domenico. Cunningham got a technical foul and the \$75 fine that goes with it.



Philly's Spector says the Roller Derby has seen injury he could do nothing for. pulled back

At Golden State, D'Olive had Jim Barnett, who was known to crawl along hotel ledges foraging for beer or food that players would leave on their windowsills. On one cold night in New York, Barnett gave his new rabbit coat to a wandering drunk. Stuck in a traffic jam on the way to a game on another night, Barnett abandoned

his car and ran across the Bay Bridge. When he later played for the Knicks, Barnett literally ransacked the locker room, swearing a blue streak while looking for his Bible.

In the early years of the Suns, Center Neal Walk was on an iron-man streak, having started 228 consecutive games for

(continued)



The Lakers keep Curran on the run, but he says it's better than playing backup goalie.

Phoenix. At game time one night, Walk was nowhere to be found. Out on the court with the other players, Cotton Fitzsimmons, then the Suns' coach, was furious, and Proski was mystified. Finally Proski sent a ball boy into the locker room, and he found Walk. Proski had accidentally locked him in there.

Plenty of players have lost or forgotten all or parts of their uniforms while on the road, and this too is a problem for trainers. When he was a rookie, Conzel Norman of the 76ers showed up for a game in Portland without his uniform. Domenico told him it was no big deal; Portland was so strong he had no chance of getting into the game. Domenico told Norman just to put on an athletic supporter under his warmups. Then he told Coach Gene Shue about it, and Shue ended his pre-game meeting by telling the panic-stricken Norman, "You be ready. Conzel, because you'll be the first man off the bench tonight."

Domenico was party to a particularly dirty trick a few years back when the 76ers were making connections in Pittsburgh. Rookie Steve Courtin fell asleep during a card game, and the rest of the group took all his money and his shoes.

boarded the plane and left him stranded.

More than once Proski had to dash back to the hotel to find Hawkins' sneakers, and once in Rochester, Domenico had to scour the stands to find a kid with a pair of size 12½ for Cunningham. In an exhibition game in Nova Scotia last year, Marvin Barnes, then with the Celtics, forgot one shoe. Trainer Frankie Challant found him another, and Marvin played in a green and a black shoe.

Travel seems to bring out the best—or worst—in trainers.

They tell many a hair-raising story about flights through stormy skies with notoriously bad travelers. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar always wrapped himself in a blanket like a giant mummy. Curran, when he was with the Seattle SuperSonics, couldn't get Tom Meschery aboard one of the first 747s because Meschery was sure it would never fly. On a Knicks charter to Houston, Ray Williams became so frantic during a thunderstorm that he ran up the aisle and began pounding on the cockpit door. Trainer Danny Whelan had to hold Williams on his lap. When Travaglini thought he was going down in a plane with the Tidewater Tides, a New York Mets farm team, he

bit Pitcher Jim Bibby on the shoulder.

"People who fly three or four times a year, for them it's a million-to-one shot," says Chopper. "Me, I figure I'm in the eight-to-five category."

NBA trainers are a fearless and dedicated lot. They might mess up now and then, as Travaglini did the other week when he had all the Nuggets arrive for a 10:25 a.m. flight only to learn that the flight wasn't scheduled to depart until 11:30. An extra hour in the sack is precious to professional basketball players.

But then there are times like the night in Pittsburgh a few years ago when Chopper's Virginia Squires risked their lives to get to the airport in a snowstorm to make the last plane to New York. When they got to the gate, the plane was taxiing down the runway. Chopper ran through the driving snow, got in front of the 727 and frantically waved his arms. The pilot stopped the plane and opened the door. "You're not leaving without us," Chopper said. And 15 Virginia Squires players and coaches made tracks for the plane, and loaded up the aisle with their luggage and equipment. The Squires got to New York for the game—which was snowed out. **END**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS



When Connie Hawkins forgot his sneakers, the Suns' Proski was the one who had to dash back to the hotel for them



THE OFFICIAL
35MM CAMERA OF
THE 1980 OLYMPIC
WINTER GAMES

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Merry Christmas from Marlboro Country

CARS PEOPLE SWEAR BY. NOT AT.



If that's what you have to say about the last new car you bought, you're not alone. More and more people today are thinking less and less of the way new cars are made.

But there's one group of people who can still talk about their cars without using X-rated words. Volvo owners.

In fact, statistics show that 9 out of 10 people who buy new Volvos are happy.

And this year happiness comes in more forms than ever before. From Volvo's affordably priced DL sedans and wagons to the luxury class GLEs that

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Whichever model you select, you'll be getting the quality, comfort and safety that make Volvo something quite uncommon in this day and age.

A car that's a blessing instead of a curse.

VOLVO

A car you can believe in.

MEAN JOE: GOLIATH PLAYS OTHELLO

Isn't that Coca-Cola commercial with Pittsburgh Steeler Mean Joe Greene and the kid a grabber? You know the one. It opens with Greene, a Goliath of a man, limping down a stadium tunnel, presumably injured, with a jersey slung over his shoulder. A little boy follows him.

The boy says timidly, "Mr. Greene... Mr. Greene... you need help?"

"Uh, uh," says Greene, too tired and disgraced to bother with the kid.

"I just want you to know... I think... I think you're the best ever," the boy says, and offers Greene his bottle of Coke.

Greene is at first reluctant to accept the Coke, the kid—12-year-old Tommy Oken—persists, and Greene finally takes it. He drinks all of it without putting the bottle down, then calls to the boy as the kid is about to walk away, saying, "Here, catch," and throws his jersey to him. The boy catches it and exclaims, "Wow, thanks a million, Joe."

There is more poignancy in this small scene than there is in many full-length dramas. No wonder the commercial has been a huge success and is sure to win a Clio, the Oscar of the advertising business. The commercial is, in addition, further evidence of Madison Avenue's love affair with the Steelers, the ad world having discovered that the Steelers' image—that they've achieved championship status through honest, workmanlike effort—helps in the selling of many products.

Since winning the first of their three Super Bowl championships in 1975, the Steelers have been popping up in TV ads about as often as they have in opponents' end zones. In the most widely seen of these, 11 burly Steelers have bounced on Samsonite luggage, six Steelers have crowded into a Ford Fairlane, Terry Bradshaw has chomped Red Man chewing tobacco, Bradshaw and Reserve Quarterback Mike Kruczek have hustled Lee-tre Shave, Rocky Bleier (along with Dallas Cowboy Cliff Harris) has exhaled SPORIS BALSAIRATED, and nine Steelers (among them L. C. Greenwood, Steve Furness, Franco Harris and the now-departed Roy Gerelai) have frolicked in vignettes pushing Unifrol's new Steeler tire. There also have been a bushel of ads featuring Steelers made for the Pittsburgh market.

Aside from O. J. Simpson, few other NFL

players have enjoyed such wide commercial exposure: in one of the non-Steeler national ads of late, L.A. Quarterback Pat Haden and recently waived Dallas Linebacker Thomas Henderson did a commercial for TUP that was first shown earlier this season. Haden (broken finger) and Henderson now are inactive but the commercial is still on the air.

The Unifrol commercials were produced by the Young & Rubicam advertising agency, following the company's request that the agency come up with a fire name that emphasized toughness. Michael Graupner, director of advertising at Unifrol, says, "The agency's idea was that the Steelers were the toughest team in football. The name Steeler was perfect for a steel-belted radial tire. We could have picked any team, but the Steelers are known as a tough and winning team, as opposed to, say, Oakland, which is also a tough team but is considered to be dirty, or the Giants, who are thought of as snafus."

The Steeler organization is delighted that several of the commercials use a number of players, rather than concentrate on one star Pittsburgh Publicity Director Joe Gordon says, "The Steeler tire campaign is tremendous for player morale, and the commercials are terrific for our fans, too. Many fans get paranoid about their heroes being short-changed and not getting enough recognition. There is the feeling that only the teams in New York or Los Angeles get this kind of extra attention, so this has been a very popular thing here."

Mean Joe Greene made his national debut in a United Airlines everybody commercial in 1974. "The idea was that the plane was so comfortable that a mean, tough guy like me almost liked it," he says. Greene has also done spots for Swanson dinners and Ideal toys. When Penny Hawkey, the writer on the "Coke and a smile" campaign, and Roger Mowton, the campaign's art director, came



GREENE AND OKEN MAY WIN A CLIO FOR THEIR COMMERCIAL

up with the idea of a commercial involving a football player and a little kid, Hawkey refined it by saying, "Let's have a kid and a brewer." Mowton immediately said, "We've got to use Mean Joe Greene."

The commercial was shot during three days in May at a small municipal stadium in Mount Vernon, a suburb north of New York City, and released to the networks on Oct. 1. On the final day of filming, Greene, who has a \$150,000 personal-services contract with Coca-Cola, guzzled 16-ounce bottles of coke—18 in all—until the agency wrapped up the shooting in the wee hours.

William Van Loan, Coca-Cola's director of marketing operations, says, "I think the commercial is so good it's like a drama. When Joe turns around to face the kid, he looks like Othello." Not every parent may be delighted about their kids' drinking the sugar-laden beverage, but the response to the commercial has been overwhelmingly positive.

Greene is delighted, though a little surprised, by the acclaim he has been getting for his performance. "I enjoyed it because I saw it as an opportunity to express myself," he says. Greene also said that the shooting had been "long and tedious, fun fun," quite a change from the time he was cast in a school production and became "scared to death and had to drop out in the dress rehearsal."

So much for Mean Joe Greene as Othello. But as Goliath.

END

In three seasons at the University of Central Florida in Orlando, 6'1" Guard James Paul (Bo) Clark has learned to live with pressure. As the leading scorer among the country's college players last season, he knows that whenever he takes the floor he will face defenses geared specifically to shackle him. Then there's fear of another major injury; he has already had three, one nearly fatal. And there is pressure of a different sort, one he could have avoided but which he handles with grace and good humor. Bo Clark, perhaps the finest shooting guard in college ball at any level, is the son of the Knights' head coach, Gene (Torchy) Clark.

Ah, the "coach's son." He's the kid who always gets to pitch in Little League,

the one who plays quarterback because he and the head coach have the best rapport, the one who makes the basketball team even if he can't go to his left ... or his right. And he faces extra pressure to excel; no matter how good he is, whenever he fails, people whisper, "He's only on the team because he's his daddy's boy."

Failure is something Bo Clark is unfamiliar with. His 31.6 points per game last season included 51 against Florida Institute of Technology and 44 against Flagler. In a game with Florida Memorial College in 1977 he scored 70 points. He is the Knights' alltime scoring leader with 2,211 points, and he has a chance to become the eighth player in NCAA history to score 3,000 points in his ca-

reer. To get his 28-point career scoring average, he has taken nearly 30 shots a game, a third of his team's total. The potential for embarrassment in this statistic is not lost on him. "I'd really be in trouble if I were playing for my dad and taking 30 shots a game and we were losing," he says.

But there has been very little losing at Central Florida. In the 10 years since Torchy Clark initiated the basketball program at the school, which was once known as Florida Technological University, the Knights have gone 173-57 and have won three berths in the NCAA Division II tournament. During Bo's career the team has been 66-16, twice winning the Sunshine State Conference championship. In 1977-78, when Bo broke a bone in his right foot and was redshirted for the entire season, Central Florida won 24 in a row—its longest winning streak—and reached the final four.

"That team had a nice chemistry," says Torchy, "but I wouldn't want to be without Bo again. Bo is a Division I player in a Division II program."

It does appear that Clark is usually at his best when the competition is stiffest. In games against major-college opponents the past two seasons, Bo has a glittering 28.7 average, including a 31-point performance in an 84-77 upset of Southern Conference favorite Furman in the season opener two weeks ago. Time and again he scored from outside or slipped behind the Paladins' man-to-man defense to score layups. It is Division II opponents, however, who have to bear the brunt of Clark's offensive prowess.

"He's a threat, so whether he's hot or not, you have to guard him," said Florida Memorial Coach Alfred Parker after the Knights defeated his Lions 116-70 in Orlando last week.

"We've played against him for four years, and he works very hard and goes to the bucket very well," says Florida Institute of Technology Coach Norm Cookrell. "I'm glad he's a senior."

As a freshman in 1975-76, Clark was the Knights' second leading scorer, with a 24.1 average, which he raised to a third-

He's a tough gun of a son

Torchy Clark is coach of the Central Florida Knights and his star player is his 22-year-old boy Bo, a guard who last season was the leading scorer in the nation



Being the coach's son and a 28 scorer doesn't mean Bo isn't a target for Torchy's Lombardian heats

Wolfschmidt Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace,"
"The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy
and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived,
the Czar stood like a giant among
men. He could bend an iron bar on his
bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with
his fist. He had a thirst for life like no
other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of
St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

Life has changed since the days of
the Czar. Yet Wolfschmidt Genuine
Vodka is still made here to the same
supreme standards which elevated
it to special appointment to his
Majesty the Czar and the Imperial
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spirit of the Czar lives on.



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The symbol of imported luxury. Bottled in Canada.
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in-the-nation 28.8 as a sophomore. He sat out the following season after sustaining the foot injury and undergoing an operation to repair torn cartilage in his left knee, then returned to form and was playing well last year, until an accident in a crucial midseason game against Florida Southern nearly cost him his life. With 1:23 to go in the game, the Knights were attempting to stall away a victory. "The ball went through my legs," Bo says. "Three of us dove for it. One of the guys accidentally kned me in the chest, knocking me to the floor, and then the other guy kned me right in the temple."

"He went into convulsions almost immediately," says Trainer Ron Ribicic. "I held his head so he wouldn't keep banging it on the floor. It was very fortunate that the team doctor was there. Bo was turning blue and jerking his legs. We were very close to starting CPR [Cardio-Pulmonary Resuscitation] on him. We worked on him for the better part of 30 minutes."

Torchy watched from the sidelines, wondering if his son would survive. Bo's mother, Claire, was in the stands, unaware of the gravity of her son's injury. An ambulance was called, and Bo was rushed to a nearby hospital, where his injury was diagnosed as a severe concussion with seizures. He missed three games, and now hardly remembers the fearful seconds following the collision. "He asked me later how long he was out and said that he felt as if he was falling down a hill, getting beaten up for about seven seconds," Torchy says.

Bo was a first-team all-star at Bishop Moore High School in Orlando in 1975, but although he was contacted by more than 125 schools, only a dozen made Clark firm offers. "I guess the scouts knew I was going to play for my dad," he says. "It's always been my goal to play for him. I'd think with all the success he's had any young player would want to."

Torchy's success, first as a high school coach in Wisconsin and later in college, is based on an amalgamation of Lombardian philosophy and a flair for the dramatic. He may talk of "matching up" his personality with those of his players and of treating them as individuals, but he also openly taunts them during games and at practice and says he "hurts them to help them."

When the Knights win, Torchy is noticeably absent from the locker room. He believes in letting his players enjoy their success. The pep talks or reprimands come later, at practice. "The time to get on them is in practice, after a win," he says. "Why get on them after a loss? They feel bad enough as it is."

Guiding the football and basketball teams at Xavier High School in Appleton, Wis., 20 miles from his hometown of Oshkosh, Torchy was one of the state's most successful coaches in the 1960s. From 1961 to 1969 his football squads had a 63-8-1 record and won seven championships; his basketball teams went 178-14 and won eight straight titles. Though he had nothing more to prove in the high school coaching ranks, Torchy had to be talked into applying for his current position by his younger brother, Jim, then basketball coach at Bishop Moore. When Torchy was asked during the job interview what he would do to advance the Knights' basketball reputation, he replied, "I'd play in Madison Square Garden and in New Orleans at Mardi Gras time." At that point the dean informed him that the athletic budget would never allow such a heady flight into the big time. "I realized later that I gave them the wrong talk," he says. "I should have given them the poverty talk."

Indeed, for most of Torchy's first two seasons, the Knights had no uniforms—much less scholarships. Until a 2,000-seat field house was opened in the fall of 1977, Central Florida was forced to play in local high school gymnasiums or at places such as McCoy Air Force Base, 17 miles away. For a while the players' gym clothes doubled as their uniforms, and when uniforms finally did arrive they were, as one player described them, "white suits with mold on them." Said another, "We were the worst-equipped and best-coached team in the country."

In those days the Clarks' garage was the headquarters for the basketball program. "When we finally got the uniforms I had to mend them and wash them myself," says Claire Clark. "We even had the first-and-equipment in the garage."

What the Knights lacked in wealth they made up for in victories. Clark's first team had a 13-3 record. The best player in those early seasons was Torchy's oldest son, Mike, who held the school career scoring record until Bo broke it at the end of last season. Now that's keeping it all in the family.

THE WEEK

Dec. 3-Dec. 9
by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST There were five seconds to go when Lewis Lloyd of Drake stepped to the foul line with Oral Roberts leading 81-80. Lloyd fluked in two free throws, the Bulldogs won 82-81, and then he was carried off by his teammates, who chanted, "Magic Man! Magic Man! Magic Man!" Speaking for himself, Magic Man said, "Pure posse, man. Pure posse. That's me." Lloyd then scored 22 points in the first half against Iowa State to give Drake a 46-32 lead. Because he was saddled with four fouls, he sat out nine minutes of the second half, but managed to add another 10 points in the Bulldogs' 87-66 victory. The 6'6" Lloyd, the nation's top junior-college scorer—31.2 points a game—last season when he played for New Mexico Military, has propelled Drake to a 4-0 start. He plays primarily as a forward, is averaging 31.7 points, is shooting .708 and has pulled down 54 rebounds.

Cherokee Rhone, a 6'8" sophomore for Centenary's uniquely named Gentlemen, sank all nine of his field-goal tries and had 26 points as the Gents lost to visiting Arkansas 70-62. Five days earlier, in Fayetteville, Rhone had 15 points in a 63-53 loss to the Hogs. In four games Cherokee has had on 36 of 46 shots for a remarkable .783 shooting percentage. When not busy with Centenary, Arkansas' young squad defeated Missouri-St. Louis 79-50.

A pair of beat-the-buzzer shots gave Brigham Young victories at Tulsa and Oral Roberts. A 17-foot jumper by Devin Durrant in the final seconds made the Cougars 73-71 winners over the Golden Hurricane. Crucial, too, were 15 rebounds by BYU's Allen Taylor and 19 points by teammate Danny Ainge. At Oral Roberts, Brigham Young overcame a 16-point deficit to win 76-75. Ainge had 24 points in that game, including BYU's last eight, two of which came on a 20-footer with one second left that decided the outcome.

Missouri, a 67-46 victor at Illinois, where Larry Drew got 25 points in all and four in the last minute of overtime, returned home to win its Show-Me Classic. After an 89-63 cakewalk in the first round against George Washington, the Tigers got 25 points from Steve Simpsonovich while winning the finale from St. Ignace 84-67.

Kansas lost twice, 89-88 to Southern Methodist and 75-72 to Oral Roberts. The Jayhawks overcame a third straight setback even though four players, including star Guard Darnell Valentine, were given one-game suspensions for missing curfew. Freshman Ricky Ross' 19 points led short-handed Kansas to a 79-66 win over San Diego State.

continued

One of the biggest surprises of the week came when Oklahoma Christian, an NAIA Division I team, came through with a 90-76 triumph at Memphis State. Leading the way for the Eagles with 32 points was Kelly Jofe, the son of Coach Jerry Jofe.

Comedian Steve Martin, who had called Terre Haute "the most nowhere place in America," accepted Mayor William Brighetti's invitation to return to town, where he had recently appeared while on tour. A local newspaper ran the headline WELCOME, BRAN MARTIN on its front page, and the mayor kept up the tone of the visit by presenting Steve with a bouquet of wilted daisies and by taking him on a tour of a fertilizer plant. Martin, however, didn't see Terre Haute's big attraction, Indiana State. The Sycamores proved they're not a nowhere team by beating Colorado State 72-65 and Western Carolina 76-56 as Carl Nicks scored 49 points.

1. VIRGINIA TECH (2-0)

2. ARKANSAS (4-0) 3. MISSOURI (5-0)

MIDEAST "I went on a fishing trip and when I got back my assistant told me we had scheduled Purdue," Southeastern Louisiana Coach Ken Fontenberry said following a 105-59 loss to the Boilermakers. "That assistant is now at another school." Purdue, which played the Lions only because a tournament it was to have been in was cancelled, shot 631 and got 41 points from Joe Barry Carroll. Two other Boiler-maker victories were equally convincing; they beat Butler 83-60 as Carroll had 27 points and Providence 76-44 as he scored 32. In addition to his 100-point spree, the 7'1" Carroll had 25 rebounds, six steals, five dunks and seven blocked shots.

The only thing classic about the Indiana Classic was Indiana, which won the tournament for the sixth straight time. For the second year in a row, Mike Woodson of the Hoosiers, who had 48 points, was the MVP. En route to the title, Indiana defeated Xavier of Ohio 92-66 and Texas-El Paso 75-43. Third place went to Seton Hall, a 70-67 consolation-game winner over Xavier. Daryl Devero had 30 points and 10 rebounds for the Pirates.

Big Ten teams chalked up other impressive triumphs. Ohio State, with Herb Williams getting 18 points and 16 rebounds, beat Seton Hall 69-50. Iowa had no trouble defeating Colorado State 113-66, Northern Iowa 78-46 and Detroit 80-34. Michigan came from 13 points back to upset Marquette 63-60. And a 38-point outburst by Eddie Johnson carried Illinois past Long Beach State 77-40.

But the Big Ten was not invincible. Michigan losing at Toledo 67-64 and Wisconsin being beaten by DePaul 90-77 and Alabama 66-62. The Crimson Tide's victory followed a loss to LaSalle, which used its "high-ten-

sity" defense and 24 points by Kurt Karslake, the final two coming on a jumper at the buzzer, to triumph 82-80.

Another Eastern visitor—St. John's—was shocked by Tennessee and its double-post offense 97-80. The postmen who delivered the mail for the Vols were Howard Wood (25 points in just 12 minutes) and Reggie Johnson (20 points), while Guard Gary Carter scored 23. But Tennessee then got cancelled by Louisville, which led by 11 midway through the second half and won 77-75. The Cardinals, who shot .673, got 32 points from Darrell Griffith.

Also building an 11-point second-half advantage and then hanging on was Louisiana State, which escaped with an 80-79 victory over Tulane. The Green Wave fought the Tigers to a 38-38 standoff on the boards, but could not keep Durand Macklin from scoring 18 points and DeWayne Scales from contributing 17. LSU had a far easier time against New Orleans, whose coach, Don Smith, said, "They just take it and stuff it down your throat." Doing most of the stuffing as the Tigers trounced 104-78 were three 20-point scorers: Macklin, Scales and Willie Sims.

Kentucky, another SEC power, beat Baylor 80-46. Kyle Macy paced an early Wildcat surge, tossing an 14 of his 17 points as Kentucky zipped to a 30-10 lead.

A variety of zone defenses did not deter Notre Dame, which defeated Iowa State 87-77, Northwestern 73-56 and St. Louis 93-65. Helping the Irish prevail were fine outside shooting, particularly by Tracy Jackson—who had 35 points in the first two games—and a slick passing game. When the Billikens closed to within 31-27, they ran head on into what Notre Dame Coach Digger Phelps calls "spurt time." During the next five minutes the Irish had a 22-point gusher while holding St. Louis scoreless.

Dec. 3 was supposed to be a hivers, date for South Florida, a rapidly growing school with an enrollment of 23,000 but with little reputation in sports. That was the day the Bulls counted on establishing themselves by beating North Carolina in their brand-new, 11,000-seat Sun Dome, an arena with a Teflon roof. Alas, cracks in the structure delayed completion of the Sun Dome, now called the Sun Dorn by detractors, so the game was shifted from the Tampa campus to St. Petersburg's Bayfront Center. There Al Wood found cracks in the Bulls' defense, flipped in 16 of 21 shots, scored 34 points and led the Tar Heels to a 93-62 runaway.

Jacksonville won on the road, 77-76 at Florida State, and at home, 75-63 over Seton and 65-63 over Virginia Commonwealth. James Ray scored 32 points as the Dolphins beat the Seminoles, but it took a free throw by Phil Parris with two seconds left to break a 76-76 deadlock. Another shot with two seconds left—a layup by Jimmy Martin—finished off Virginia Commonwealth. Feeding a

pass to Martin for his game clincher was 6'5" sophomore Mike Hackett, who in three games had 62 points and 33 rebounds.

1. INDIANA (3-0)

2. OHIO STATE (2-0) 3. NOTRE DAME (4-0)

WEST "Eventually, I want to have a pattern of substitution," UCLA Coach Larry Brown said before taking on Santa Clara. "Right now I'm substituting on emotion." Brown may lack a pattern, but he proved again that there is no substitute for substitutes of quality. The Bruins, who led by only five points early in the second half, wore down the Broncos as Brown made a total of 31 lineup changes. UCLA pulled away by scoring 11 consecutive points and went on to win 92-79, with Kiki Vandeweghe getting 28 points and nine rebounds.

Oregon State traveled to Hawaii, where the Beavers breezed to a pair of victories but had a stormy time on the way to a third. Steve Johnson connected for 28 points as OSU tore apart Hawaii-Hilo 104-60 and had 26 more as they beat Hawaii 92-62. In between, however, State had to struggle to get a 75-74 win in the first of its back-to-back meetings with the Rainbows. The Beavers' clenching points came on Mark Radford's jumper in overtime.

Another Johnson—Weber State's David—scored 57 points as the Wildcats shot 570 from the floor and won three times. Easy victories were Midwestern, which succumbed 74-58, and Puget Sound, a 110-49 loss. But Utah State, which got 26 points from Brian Lick and 24 from Dean Hunger, put up a battle before falling 79-73. Helping Weber State avenge an earlier loss to the Aggies was 7'1" Rick Smith, who had 21 points and 13 rebounds.

Before playing his first game for Nevada-Las Vegas two weeks ago, 6'9" freshman Sidney Green attended a transcendental meditation class, hoping it would aid his on-court performance. It did not, he played terribly and the Rebels lost. Last week, instead of meditating, Green did some levitating against Nevada-Reno, soaring high to get 24 rebounds and dump in 25 points. His efforts enabled the Rebels to defeat the Wolf Pack 70-58 despite 30 points by Steve Hunter. Against Idaho State the next night, Green continued his high level of play by scoring 18 points and grabbing 13 rebounds.

1. UCL (3-0)

2. OREGON STATE (5-0) 3. BYU (3-1)

EAST "If you didn't like that game, you don't like basketball," Syracuse Coach Jim Boeheim said after a 72-70 overtime defeat of upstart Illinois State in the wrap-up of the Carrier Classic at Syracuse. Marty Head put the Orangemen ahead 62-60 with 18 seconds left in regulation play, only to have Joe Galvin of the Redbirds, who

continued

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The 1980 Chrysler New Yorker.
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had trailed by 11 points with 10 minutes to play, put in a bucket as time ran out. With 2:06 remaining in overtime, Head coach came through again, this time with a driving layup and follow-up foul shot that gave the Orange a three-point lead. On the way to the final, Syracuse routed LeMoyne 107-66 and Illinois State beat Hofstra 71-61. Before the tournament the Orangemen beat St. Francis (Pa.) 93-60.

In another unexpectedly tight matchup, Cincinnati's small but quick Bearcats baffled North Carolina with a zone defense and led most of the way before losing 68-63. Keeping Cincy in contention were 6' 3" Forward Bobby Austin (20 points), 6' 4" Guard Eddie Lee (19 points, 12 assists and four steals) and 6' 2" Guard David (Puffy) Kennedy (14 points). Cincinnati committed only eight turnovers, 10 fewer than the Tar Heels. Said North Carolina Coach Dean Smith, who was mightily impressed by the Bearcats, "We had 11 fast breaks, three-on-one or three-on-two plays where we didn't even get a shot." Two things got the Tar Heels over the hump, 20 points by Al Wood and a 39-26 rebounding edge.

Coch Pete Carril suffered his worst loss in 13 seasons at Princeton, an 81-45 wipeout

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LEWIS LLOYD: The 6' 6", 215-pound Drake junior popped in 37 points as the Bulldogs upset Oral Roberts 82-81 and scored 32 more as they downed Iowa State 87-76. Lloyd also grabbed 32 rebounds and blocked four shots.

at Duke. East Carolina provided stiffer competition for the Blue Devils. With the score 41-all early in the second half, Duke Coach Bill Fower ordered his team into a 2-3 zone. Mike Grimm then began triggering the first break and wound up with 26 points and 11 rebounds as the Blue Devils won 92-73.

By scoring 17 points in a row—eight of them by Bernard Rencher—St. John's raced ahead of Army 19-4 and was never threatened en route to an 84-61 win.

Before facing Maryland, Georgetown Coach John Thompson told his players they could win if they "didn't lose their composure." His Hoyas kept their cool, but the 6' 10" Thompson admitted, "I lost my composure." Thompson became angry when one of his players drew a technical foul for hanging on the rim following a dunk and grew even hotter when Ernest Graham of the Terps punted him on the head. "I was just telling him he was too big to get that mad," Graham explained. The composed Hoyas shot .700 in the second half and won 83-71. Next time out, Georgetown trimmed St. Leo 117-68.

1. DUKE (9-0)

2. NORTH CAROLINA (3-1) 3. ST. JOHN'S (3-1)

Is the All-American game going into sudden death?

"Clean up football or abolish it," President Theodore Roosevelt ordered the organizers of college football in 1905 after eighteen players died during one season. The warning was heeded.

Almost seventy-five years later, from Pop Warner to the pros, football is in trouble again. This time, according to *Sports Illustrated* senior writer John Underwood, the warnings are being ignored:

- a million high school players hurt • a 100% injury rate among NFL players • Sanctioned violence and dangerous equipment • Win-or-else coaches • Professionalization and questionable values on the college level and below.

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THE CRISIS IN FOOTBALL
John Underwood



SI

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The Los Angeles Rams are still living a soap opera, what with their tattered tendons and battered psyches, and owner Georgia Rosenbloom may yet set it all to music, but last Sunday in Atlanta the Rams also got around to playing football again. And it came at a very appropriate time, for in beating up on the Falcons 34-13, the Rams—yes, even these Rams—did that thing that they always do. They wrapped up a division title, their seventh straight, which is an NFL record.

This is a team that had no right to be anywhere but in an episode of *As the World Turns*. From the executive offices the Rams lost people through death and firing, and then they began losing players through injury at a rate unmatched in NFL history. For a long while it looked as if they had nothing going for them but the sport's only lady progenitor and so much gossip that even Rona Barrett couldn't cope with it all. One thing they did have going for them, however, was a membership in the NFC West, which is always so "balanced," to choose a better word than rotten, that a 9-7 record can win it almost any old season.

Despite all the patchwork that Coach Ray Malavasi had been forced to do, the Rams spent Sunday looking like a pretty good football team, one that won't be any more humiliated in the playoffs than all the L.A. teams that have been eliminated in the postseason by either Dallas or Minnesota in the last seven years. And as they climbed on board the team's chartered DC-8 to uncork the champagne that was ordered early in the third quarter, both Malavasi and General Manager Don Klosterman were saying that another thing the Rams have going for them is



The ball confidently in his right hand, Tyler runs on toward 1,000 yards

The days of their lives

Despite melodrama and misfortune, the Rams as usual are NFC West champs

the fact that, when it comes to the playoffs, they long ago had been forgotten and dismissed.

Anyone studying films of the Atlanta conquest, however, may get awakened to a few important news items. Such as Quarterback Vance Ferragamo, who recovered from a hand injury to replace the injured Pat Haden (fractured finger), no longer looks "tentative." He is strong and has a fine arm, his 25-yard touchdown pass to Billy Waddy in the second quarter last Sunday was a beautiful thing

to behold if you like seeing a passer find the open man and spiral the ball to him. Such as Wendell Tyler continuing to hold the ball more firmly—he had eight fumbles in the first 13 games—and continuing to give the Rams a weapon unfamiliar to most L.A. fans, the break-away run. Tyler, who needs 32 yards in this week's final game against New Orleans to become a 1,000-yard rusher, got off a dazzling 60-yarder against the Falcons in the third quarter. Earlier, Tyler had contributed several quick six- or seven-yard stabs. For the day Tyler gained 138 yards—and he did not fumble. Such as: an offensive line that is "coming around" and features a couple of not-so-grizzled blockers in Kent Hill and

Jackie Slater. And such as: the same old tough L.A. defense, led by the "Youngbloods," Jack and Jim, Fred Dreyer and Jack Reynolds, men who like to get to the stadium earlier than the rest of the squad so they can "meditate." Jim Youngblood, for example, intercepted a Steve Bartkowski pass and returned it 34 yards for a touchdown during a 28-point second-quarter Rams burst in Atlanta.

All of this does not add up to a team you expect to find in the Super Bowl on Jan. 20, of course, unless playoff opponents take Los Angeles lightly and suffer the kind of injuries the Rams have managed to live with, as they have managed to live with Georgia Rosenbloom firing her stepson, Steve, and putting Don Klosterman, who had the title of general manager all along, back in charge, with Georgia sitting in the owner's office, with the L.A. press constantly wondering aloud if Cary Grant or Henry Mancini is going to replace Malavasi as the head coach, and with no one ever knowing,

Continued



Georgia, the boss, with Charlie Young (left) and Cullen Bryant

from one game to the next, who would be on crutches or in a cast.

Before the Atlanta game, it was easy for Malavasi to say that losing Haden five weeks ago was the most crippling blow of all. But after Ferragamo had his best day, Malavasi identified the loss eight weeks ago of All Pro Cornerback Pat Thomas (torn calf muscle) as the most devastating horror. On Sunday the Rams began to resemble a decent team on their first touchdown drive. On fourth-and-one at the Atlanta five, after having been stopped for no gain on third down and with the stadium wild about the Falcon defense, Tyler darted through the left side and not only made the first down but also flashed into the end zone. That, and the subsequent Ferragamo TD pass, and Youngblood's interception, and Tyler's big gain, and a defense that eventually chased Bartkowski from the fray, added up to a lot of encouraging signs for a front office and a team that has spent 1979 living a soap-opera script that ranged from tragic to hilarious.

These are the Rams' soap-opera notes: *All My Rams:* Owner Carroll Rosenbloom drowned in April while swimming in a heavy surf during a Florida vacation. His oldest son, Steve, took over "managing" the team, but C.R.'s widow, Georgia, got majority control of the franchise—and several oil wells. Georgia planned her first record album. Don is told by Steve not to trade George Gipp.

Another Ram: Ray recovered from acute high blood pressure. Publicist Jer-

ry Wilcox recovered from a kidney transplant. Running Back John Cappelletti did not recover from a groin injury; in practice, he could not outrun his Hersman Trophy, so he headed for a nearby tennis court. Offensive Tackle Doug France accused the team of "racism" and said the coaches did not fully comprehend the extent of his elbow injury; he threatened not to be "himself" all season. Georgia issued a statement saying Anaheim, the city in Orange County to which the Rams will be moving next year, was more or less part of Greater Los Angeles. Steve issued new contracts to the Four Horsemen and Red

Grange. Hearing the news, Don took an intentionally wild swing with a three-wood at Bel Air.

As the Rams Turn: Defensive Tackle Cody Jones and Linebacker Carl Ekern did horrible things to their knees and Achilles' tendons and were lost for the season. Steve released a memo to the press stating he would find out who Achilles was. Don dined at Achilles that night with a starter. Cornerback Rod Perry and Defensive Back Jeff Severson strained their knees. Guard Dennis Harrah was lost with a leg injury.

Days of Our Rams: Georgia reminded Steve that she owns 70% of the team, and that even she was tired of such secret negotiations as the trade in which Tom Harmon went to Oakland for Frank Sinkwich. Ray said it seemed to him that several players were getting injured. Defensive End Fred Dryer discussed a movie deal on a team bus.

Search for the Rams: Georgia suddenly fired Steve and called in Don. Don's first duty was to watch Wide Receiver Willie Miller tear up a knee. His second duty was to watch Offensive Lineman Doug Smith tear up a knee. Georgia herself missed several road games because of a gallstone illness. Steve began to miss road games because he was fired. The press missed Wide Receiver Ron Jesse, who broke his leg, and Thomas, the All-Pro cornerback. Vince broke his hand. Georgia got loud and emotional with Vice President Harold Guver. Harold disappeared.

One Ram to Live: Steve appeared in the L.A. Coliseum owner's booth with Don and team attorney Ed Hookstraten and there was shouting. Steve wrote a memo to a radio station but had to go outside to get it mimeographed, because Georgia had taken away his office. Georgia said she planned to get more "involved" and have the players' wives over for a party. Ray told the team in Seattle that if they did not want to see George Allen come back they had better "lock some buns." The Rams beat Seattle 24-0 for their only laughter until Atlanta last Sunday. Pat fractured a pinky and was lost for the season. Ray issued a statement saying 21 injuries and lineup changes in one season seemed like an awful lot to him. Georgia said Ray might return next season, and he might not. She "hoped" he would. Ray said he hoped he would, too.

The Rams and the Restless: Vince asked for a vote of confidence. Don brought in Quarterback Bob Lee to give Vince a vote of confidence. Pat carried novels by Raymond Chandler with him in the hope that he would find some clues to the season. Georgia said the California Rams was an unsuitable name for the team when it moved to Anaheim.

The Guiding Ram: Georgia said the NFC West was a wonderful place to live. You could be hurt and still make the playoffs. Ray said losing cornerbacks was the worst thing that could happen to a team; he said a good cornerback was hard to find. Pat continued traveling with the team and staying "interested," something that had not occurred to John, who was still playing tennis. People wondered why Lawrence McCutcheon, the Rams' all-time leading ground-gainer, had never got himself in shape. Wendell tried to take up the slack, but he fumbled a lot. Don said to Wendell, "Why don't you carry the ball in your left hand for a change?" Wendell replied, "I have no confidence in my left hand." A Ram on a bus said he enjoyed "resting" and occasionally playing "backgammon."

Edge of Ram: Don said it did not take that long to drive to Anaheim. Georgia said she wanted the players to feel like they were "a part of it all." A player said he would rather be a part of a movie. Georgia said in Atlanta she had been so busy with the soap-opera she had no time to work on her album. The night before the Rams clinched the division title in Atlanta, she went to see the Ink Spots.

To be continued. . .

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New Mexico: more tremors

Already rocked by a scandal involving a phony transcript, New Mexico lost six more players in a growing probe centered on attendance in a mysterious class

The scandal that hit the University of New Mexico basketball team (SI, Dec. 10) spread alarmingly last week. On Dec. 6, six days after Coach Norm Ellenberger and his assistant, Minny Goldstein, were suspended for their alleged involvement in the forgery of Guard Craig Gilbert's junior college transcript, five other players were declared ineligible for having credits on their New Mexico records for a summer course none had ever taken. A sixth player, who claims he did take the course, was suspended.

Including Gilbert—the apparently unwitting pawn in the JC transcript scam, who was suspended on Nov. 30—the absence of the seven players left the Lobos with, in effect, a four-man team. By the end of their game against New Mexico State at Las Cruces Saturday night, which New Mexico lost 68-58, the Lobos had one senior and one freshman basketball player on the floor, along with two quarterbacks from the football team and a student trainer.

Five of the ineligible players—Larry Belin, Larry Hubbard, Andre Logan, Larry Tarrance and Paul Roby—had received three hours of credits, which each needed to retain his NCAA eligibility, for supposedly completing a summer course entitled "Current Problems and Principles in Coaching Athletics." The course was an "extension" class, administered by Ottawa (Kans.) University, but taught in the Los Angeles area by a member of the physical education faculty of Los Angeles Valley College in Van Nuys. The five New Mexico players signed a press release stating that they had no knowledge of how they became enrolled in the course and were unaware that they had received credit for it. The suspended player, Jerome Henderson, of Los An-

geles, claims he did take the course, though he told New Mexico officials he wasn't sure where in Southern California the class had been held.

As of last Sunday, Henderson was not the only person mystified by the course. Ottawa is a small (600 students) Baptist university that operates an extension program it calls "College without Campus" out of offices in Kansas City and Phoenix. According to Harold Germer, dean of the Phoenix center, the program is designed primarily as a service to adults seeking to complete work toward varied degrees. Accredited courses can be taught anywhere, using local instructors, or a teacher in, say, Los Angeles, can propose courses to Ottawa. Germer acknowledges that these extension courses—at \$25 per credit—are an important source of income for Ottawa.

Who enrolled the New Mexico students? Who apparently forged their signatures and paid their tuition, which wouldn't have been covered by their athletic scholarships? And who were the other members of the class?

There apparently were 49 students enrolled and Earle P. Durley, 33, the Valley College phys ed instructor who taught the class in a colleague's garage, which was converted to a den, remembers the names of six New Mexico players being on the rolls. He says, "Someone was present for the class hours. I saw a copy of their press book afterward. There was no one in the class that bore any resemblance to them. Someone did sign them in. Someone did do the work. Someone took the exam. And they each got a grade. Tuition was paid for each of them by someone from New Mexico, I assume . . . I wasn't bribed in any way, shape or form. The only fee I got was \$400 for teaching the class."

Many other questions were being

raised last week. The commissioner of a major athletic conference said that an investigation is currently under way of a so-called "merchant" operating in Southern California who, for a price, will place names of athletes on school rolls and get them credit. And the University of New Mexico Athletic Council resolved to call upon the NCAA for a full investigation of such "credits for cash" schemes.

One way that such a "merchant" could operate is with a computer terminal at a remote location. A great majority of universities maintain transcripts in computer files, the University of New Mexico among them. After grades from written registers have been transferred onto computer forms and the computer printout

continued



Rival State fans didn't let the Lobos forget



Football player Derwin Williams (12) was a puzzled Nino

has been checked against the registers, the registers are discarded. Thereafter a computer expert with the proper code could dial his terminal into a university's system and do whatever he wanted to a student's grades. The NCAA says it has no information about the operations of any such "merchants."

One person who is familiar with shady dealings between recruiters from major universities and junior college officials says, "For the NCAA to cite every instance in which a junior college manipulates a player's grade to make him eligible for transfer to a four-year school would be like the police ticketing every person who drives over 55 miles per hour or arresting every person who enters an office building pool."

The practice of universities "farming out" high school graduates who cannot meet NCAA eligibility standards is commonplace. It is done extensively with football, basketball and track athletes. But the system can backfire, as in the case of Ron Brewer, the All-America basketball player at Arkansas two years ago who's now a member of the Portland Trail Blazers.

Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton wanted Brewer badly after he led his powerful Northside High School team in Ft. Smith,

he told me it was the only place where I'd get a fair chance." Brewer got his three A's. "One course was American Government," says Brewer, who added that he couldn't recall the others. The following autumn he was playing for Arkansas. Sutton says he has a "clear conscience" on the matter.

The NCAA's enforcement policies have come under question before, and those policies are again being questioned in the New Mexico case. Officials at New Mexico admit that the NCAA has been investigating its basketball program for several years—at least since 1974.

During the last several years the NCAA received information charging the New Mexico basketball program with such violations as grade fixing, illegal travel arrangements for players and cash payments to players from boosters. The NCAA also received suggestions in writing that several Albuquerque gamblers were closely associated with the coaches and the team. By the end of 1977 the NCAA had compiled a lengthy list of allegations—according to one source, upward of 100—yet it wasn't until this past September that the NCAA formally presented its list of charges—some 57 of them—to New Mexico. None of the allegations concerned gambling.

Why did the NCAA wait nearly two years before serving the charges? Bill Hunt, assistant executive director in charge of enforcement, said, "Some cases take longer than others to complete. And the two principal reasons are the replacement of the staff member in charge of an investigation who leaves the NCAA and must be replaced and the uncovering of information as an investigation goes on that leads into new areas and lengthens the investigation." The staffer in charge of the New Mexico probe for a while, Brent Clark, did leave the NCAA at the end of 1977, but a long list of infractions already existed. As for the new information, New Mexico's own release of the 57 allegations states that none involves current Lobo players.

As to the tip on the alleged involvement of gamblers with the team, the NCAA again refuses to comment. But New Mexico law-enforcement agencies have had several known gamblers under surveillance since at least last spring, and on Nov. 19 the Albuquerque police and State Attorney General's office conducted 13 gambling raids, including two at the homes of men reported to be friends of Ellenberger's.

Yet another development came Saturday, when *The Albuquerque Journal* reported that records from the Citizens Bank of Albuquerque showed two series of loans to Lobo basketball players. One, to three players for \$2,000 each, was made on Dec. 22, 1976. Loans to three other players for \$1,700 each were made on Nov. 25, 1977. Investigators are trying to determine if the loans were ever repaid or if the notes were met by someone other than the players. One former Lobo player told Mike Gallagher of the *Journal* that loans have been a "regular part of playing basketball at New Mexico for years."

All of this weighs heavily on Ellenberger and Goldstein, who will appear before the UNM Athletic Council shortly to answer questions about the allegations. Meanwhile, federal and state investigations into the matter are continuing.

At the moment those who seem to be suffering the most are the seven suspended or ineligible players. Because of the NCAA's policy that prohibits it from even confirming that a particular school is under investigation, a perfectly innocent athlete can stumble into a rat's nest of wrongdoing, and then take the fall, right along with the guilty.

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One which makes six people feel very well taken care of. With standard amenities like crushed velvet 55/45 notchback seating, Cut-pile carpeting. Power front disc brakes. Plus, of course, lots of Limited trim and identification.

And while it may look and feel like a little limousine, with its standard 3.8 liter V-6, or even the available 4.3 liter V-8, it is a tight-fisted little miser at the gas pumps. For example, the standard 3.8 liter V-6 with available automatic transmission offers the following EPA estimates

EPA EST MPG	EST HWY	EST DRIVING RANGE	EST HWY RANGE
20	27	362	488

The 1980 Century Limited Sedan. All in all, quite a little limousine. And, if you'd care to invest a bit more in niceties like

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Remember: Compare the boxed estimates to the estimated MPG of other cars. You may get different mileage and range depending on your speed, trip length and weather. Estimated mileage and range will be less in heavy city traffic. Your actual highway mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimates. Estimated driving range based on EPA-estimated MPG rating and highway estimates. These range estimates are obtained by multiplying Century's fuel tank capacity of 18.1 gallons by the EPA and highway estimates. Estimates lower in California.

The 4.3 liter V-8 is not available in California.

Buicks are equipped with GM-built engines supplied by various divisions. See your dealer for details.



BUICK



His headwork sure paid off

Matt Malloy of Southern Illinois-Edwardsville (above) didn't score in the semis but had a hat trick, including a game-winning header, in the NCAA championships

When the NCAA announced its 19-team draw for the 1979 national soccer championship, the overwhelming pretournament favorites were last year's finalists, defending champion San Francisco and runner-up Indiana. Ho hum. However, before anyone could catch up on his Zs, both the Dons and the Hoosiers had been upset and the NCAA tournament had been turned over to a bunch of teams looking for storybook endings to unpromising beginnings. Indeed, the four schools that made it to Tampa for the final showdown last weekend—Penn State, Columbia, Southern Illinois at Edwardsville and Clemson—had an easier time explaining why they shouldn't have gotten that far than how they did.

Neither Penn State nor Columbia had ever been in the final four. The Nittany Lions were the epitome of inexperience, with only one senior and three juniors

on their 20-man roster. Still, it was Penn State that had upset Indiana 2-0 in the quarterfinals. And Columbia—which was rated 18th before the season began—seemed about as out of place at an NCAA championship as Albert Einstein at a tag-team wrestling match. Hairsplitters might point out that Columbia has won eight NCAA titles in fencing, but the Lions have never so much as made the NCAA finals in anything else.

Nevertheless, some observers thought that Columbia, which had beaten Hartwick and Rhode Island on the way to Tampa, could give Clemson a tough time in the semis. The Tigers, whose lineup is annually dominated by Nigerians, had been to the final four three times in the last six years but had never won a semi-final game. This year the Tigers had lost one starter to homesickness and had graduated six others, including their all-

time leading scorer, Christian Nwokocho. Even though four new Nigerians arrived on the scene this fall, Clemson's primary objective for 1979 was an eighth straight Atlantic Coast Conference title, not a national championship.

It was apparent in its very first game that Clemson wasn't totally destitute when Nwokocho's freshman brother, Nasriddi, set a school record with seven goals in a 14-0 rout of Belmont Abbey. But after that auspicious start, the offense had trouble getting untracked and the defense, traditionally the team's strong point, played poorly. Midway through the year Cleveland State broke the Tigers' 57-game regular-season unbeaten streak with a 2-1 upset.

The Clemson coach, Dr. Ibrahim Ibrahim, an Arab émigré from Israel who holds a Ph.D. in chemistry and is known as "I-squared," views that loss as the turning point in the Tigers' season. Their defense got a big boost the very next game when all-conference Fullback Damian Odoh, who had missed several games with a pulled groin muscle, returned to a starting role. Ibrahim also did some lineup shuffling, and Clemson suddenly went on a tear, recording six straight shutouts to get to Tampa.

Just 5:12 into the semifinal with Columbia, Nwokocho blasted a goal past Goalie John McElaney for a 1-0 Clemson lead. Because the Tigers had won both their previous tournament games by that score, no one would have been surprised if they had settled into a cautious defensive game. Instead they stayed on the attack. Within a four-minute period near the end of the first half Striker Obed Ariri put the game out of reach by scoring twice. When Ariri isn't playing soccer, he is the placekicker for the Tigers' football team, and as soon as the tournament was over last Sunday he began preparing for the Peach Bowl, in which Clemson will meet Baylor.

Columbia finally broke Tiger Goalie John Bruens' shutout string when Striker Steve Charles connected with a perfect 15-yard crossing shot from the right wing. But that just made the score 4-1, which is how the game ended.

continued

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That put Clemson in the finals with SIUE, which had beaten Penn State 2-1 earlier in the day. Of the four teams in Tampa last weekend only the Cougars went into the season with lofty hopes. They were ranked No. 2 in the nation in one preseason poll, but before the end of September they had lost two games, tied two more and dropped completely out of the top 20. Their problems started less than three weeks before their first game when Coach Bob Guelker, who won five NCAA championships at St. Louis and a Division II title at SIUE in 1972, underwent a triple bypass in open-heart surgery. When he rejoined the team on a Western trip just two games into the schedule, he was ghostly pale, talked in a whisper and had to be pushed through airports in a wheelchair by his players. The Cougars promptly lost the first two games after his return, the second of them to San Francisco.

Guelker now admits, "The players might have been torn between two leaders. I couldn't exert myself the way I should have. We were playing as individuals instead of as a team. When we tied two games in a row to make our record 6-2-2, our players were fighting among themselves on the field."

Guelker decided to take action. He benched Striker Don Ebert, the team's star, and Midfielder Dave Hummert for a game after the two mouthed off at a team meeting. "Ebert's mouth was the biggest thing going on the field at that time," says Guelker. "He was trying to help but instead he was disrupting some of the players." Guelker then publicly chastised his son Tim, a midfielder, who the rest of the team felt was not being physical enough in his play. He also realigned several players on defense. The Cougars didn't lose another game and reached the semifinals by avenging their loss to San Francisco 4-2.

"The players probably think I've been 100% for three weeks now," Guelker said on the eve of the tournament. "They don't realize I get tired when I go home at night."

The SIUE attack centers around Ebert, who is also a striker for the U.S. Olympic team. He is a junior, but during last week's tournament he was being pressured to declare hardship status so he could be selected by the North American Soccer League in its draft, which was scheduled for the day after the finals.

As most teams do, the Nittany Lions



Tim Guelker (left) son of the SIUE coach, was knocked cold as the winning goal was scored

hounded Ebert throughout, but he still got free for several shots. Unaccountably, he missed two point-blank attempts that could have turned the game into a rout for the Cougars, who dominated play for much of the game. Instead, after a Guelker header put SIUE up 1-0 for the first half, Penn State was able to tie the score on a direct kick by sophomore Fullback Dan Canter after a tripping foul was called on Ebert. Hummert scored the deciding goal late in the second half on a difficult 18-yard crossing shot from the left wing. "That shot was taken from about as bad a place as possible to take a shot," moaned Penn State Coach Walter Bahr afterward. Bahr got some solace the next day when his Nittany Lions downed Columbia 2-1 for third place.

The championship game that followed looked, for a time, as if it might turn into a runaway. SIUE's Matt Malloy scored two goals in the first half and narrowly missed an early hat trick as the Cougars opened a 2-0 lead at intermission.

But in the second half, Clemson adjusted to SIUE's physical inside defense by moving the ball further out on the wings and began putting pressure on the Cougars. First, Arri headed a ball into the net off a crossing shot by Awesu to make the score 2-1. Then, with exactly seven minutes remaining, Awesu sent another high crossing shot across the goal mouth from the left wing. This time Arri was beyond the far post so he headed the ball back across the front of the goal, where Nwokocha headed it in.

Suddenly the score was 2-2 and Clemson was controlling play at the SIUE end of the field. With a little less than four minutes remaining and the Cougars again under heavy pressure, Ebert was fouled in his own territory and SIUE was awarded a free kick. Sophomore Back Pat Malloy, Matt's brother, let loose a booming boot that traveled almost 60 yards to the Clemson goal. "I figured I'd just put it up for Ebert," he said later, "because no one can stay with him in the air." Instead, the ball came down in a pack of Clemson defenders surrounding young Guelker. All of them went up. Guelker cracked skulls with one of the Tigers and fell senseless to the ground. It was several minutes before his teammates could tell him what then happened, which was that the ball popped up closer to the goal, where Matt Malloy was waiting to head it gently over Bruens' reach for the winning score.

Guelker's father was profuse in praise of his players. "Clemson had gained control of the game," he said, "but the comeback we made today is the mark of a true champion. What we did in this game is just like the comeback we made this season."

As the coach was called forward to accept the team trophy, the P.A. announcer mistakenly identified him as the coach of the Clemson Tigers. Guelker wheeled toward the distant press box and bellowed in mock horror, "Clemson!" His face was flushed with excitement, his voice now booming. In a way his was the biggest comeback of all.





NOW JOE MUST CARRY THE FLAG

Auto racing is in the Ruttmans' blood. Troy won Indy, J.R. looked as if he would, and at 35 it's Joe's turn by FRANK DEFORD

CONTINUED

RUttmans

continued

The Ruttmans are an American family that drives race cars. Joe is the one driving now.

They have built them, run in them, won in them, died in them, and they believe in them. "When someone you love is killed on the track, it can't make you mad at auto racing," Troy says, "because one thing racing tells you right away: if you can't accept death, then it isn't the type of thing for you to be in." This does not mean the Ruttmans play around with death, or with speed, or with driving. As a matter of fact, the only thing they play around with is winning. That is why they are so good at living. But, oh, if only the damn cars didn't break all the time! The Ruttmans forgive them, though, because cars are, after all, assembled by humans. So they get back in the cars and race.

Troy Lynn is the most famous Ruttmann. He is the oldest brother, too, ahead of Jimmie Ralph, Jerry Max and Raymond Joe. Joe is the one driving now. Jim raced some as a kid, and at age 40 he still has his own stock car that he takes out now and then to race, and he is the one the other Ruttmans consider the most sensible—"just like an old German," says his father, Butch, the 73-year-old patriarch. Butch worked in the pit crew this summer when Joe won the USAC Miller 200 in Milwaukee. Jerry was a race driver, too, like all the other Ruttmans, but he was killed in a motorcycle accident in 1953, the year after Troy won the Indianapolis 500. Troy was only 22, the youngest Indy winner in history—still is—and his father was in the pits with him and all his brothers were wide-eyed kids who worshipped him.

Troy hung it up in 1964, when he was 34. Then his only son, Troy Jr., drove. And now Joe is the Ruttmann racing. He didn't start driving full time until he was 30; now he is 35, just coming into his prime at about the age his older brother quit, almost a generation ago. It confuses people. They think Joe must be Troy's son, not his brother. But Joe knows exactly who he is. In fact, this is his strength. Still, he drives just like Troy, that stiff-arm style, and he can tune a car like his father—Troy never could do that. And Troy Jr. is always there with Joe. It was supposed to be the other way around. Joe dedicated his life to helping Junior be a driver. But now, after all these years, Joe is the only Ruttmann driving, and his father and his brother and his brother's son are all so much a part of him that if Joe didn't know exactly who he was, he couldn't possibly drive as fast and as flawlessly as he does.

What Joe wants most of all is an Indy car. Four years ago, when he took up racing full time, that seemed like the foolish dream of a frustrated nobody—a shy, chubby fellow whose only talent in life was being good at being somebody's younger brother. "All my life, I thought if you just give me one of those first-rate cars, I can whip the world," Joe says, "but I never thought it would happen. I never thought I'd get a chance. I just figured I'd race the little circuits, make a living for my family and get as much satisfaction as possible. Still, I kept dreaming I'd get an Indy car to drive. I'm not trying to surpass Troy, but if you're good enough, you should be able to handle any kind

of car. But who's going to give a rookie in his 30s a chance?"

This was all very logical, except it failed to reckon with exactly how good Joe would be at driving race cars. He and his wife, who's called Harpo on account of her curly hair, would look in the racing newspapers and see which race offered the most money, and then Joe would go wherever it was, never mind what kind of cars would be raced, what kind of track he'd be driving on. It didn't matter. He can come in as low as anybody on the corners, and up high, they say Joe dusts the walls. What Joe's cars do is swoop. By 1978 he had moved out of the bushes and was rookie of the year on the USAC Stock Car circuit, and last summer, running his "obsoleted" boxy '77 Pontiac Phoenix against the bullet-sleek '79 Camaros, Joe moved right to the top, challenging the preeminent A. J. Foyt himself.

Foyt was the one who showed how good Joe is. Good drivers don't care to run alongside unknown quantities. They might be what is called "squirrelly," and that can be big trouble, especially if you're the one running outside. As Joe explains, "Tap you one time and you've bought the wall." The second time Foyt hooked up with Joe last summer, at the USAC Miller 200, he came right up outside of Joe's No. 70, and he sat there, and they ran side by side for seven laps, till a caution flag came up. Mary Ruttmann, Joe's mother, says, "Why, it was tit for tat. You kill my dog, I'll



kill your cat." Joe might have left a little yellow paint from his car on A.J.'s fenders, and Foyt might have put a little red paint on Joe's, but they ran honorably, never doing a dangerous thing to one another, and when they slowed down under the yellow, A.J. looked over at Joe, and then the great man raised his left hand, fingers closed in a fist, but with the thumb up high.

The people who know Joe best say that meant even more to him than the fact that he beat Foyt for the first time, in that race, the biggest event on the USAC stock-car schedule. Joe won't say anything, he just keeps chewing on his Twinkies, but he knows now he deserves an Indy car, no matter how old a rookie he is.

But Joe won't speak up for himself. Tom Beatty, his sponsor, the president of B & K Machine & Hydraulic Co. of Livonia, Mich., says, "Joe's got the greatest natural ability, and he'd race you from here to China for 30¢, but he's too nice, and he gets walked on." After one race, he signed autographs for better than two hours; it was an hour and a half before anybody thought of getting him a chair. Last year, when Joe was really struggling to make a living, a driver named Sonny Easley was killed in practice for a race at Riverside (Calif.) International Raceway. Joe finished second in that race and, without a note of fanfare, turned over his entire share of the purse, \$2,000, to the widow and her

four children. Joe merely allowed as how the Easleys could use the money more than his family could, and that was all there was to that.

There is sort of a Lindbergh quality to Joe, even some physical resemblance. His hair is always aw-shucks ruffled, he wears little schoolmarm glasses when he's driving; and because he has just lost 40 pounds, his jeans look like droopy drawers. Joe's only vice is sweets—some of his fans call him the Cookie Monster—and he never raises his voice. He's a real nice-looking man, but you could miss him. Unfortunately for him, the one characteristic shared by most drivers who get Indy cars is that they don't hide their light under a bushel. "I tell Joe, 'Joe, you got to learn a little,'" Butch says. "Now Troy. Troy knew how to lean."

Troy? Always Troy? He is all of 49 now, distinguished, remarried, settled down, a businessman in horn-rim glasses who never drinks anything stronger than iced tea. But the enthusiasm still pours out of him. The world has always been a livelier place when Troy has been around.

And nobody knew that the whole time Troy was hurting. At 18 he started getting ulcers, a year later he was hemorrhaging. He never let on, except to the doctors, and they didn't know how to fix him. It was only a couple of years ago that they at last operated successfully. 30 years of pain. No wonder it all came apart for Troy. "Momma," he said after the operation worked. "I had forgotten how you were supposed to feel."

But he kept that to himself. He drove the cars. He was always up, always the life of the party. From the start, the girls loved him—"Here comes Troy Ruttman, the pride of the bobby-soxers!" the P.A. would cry out—and he was a man's man, who could stay up all night and drink with anyone. And a salesman! Troy could always sell himself a good ride. At 19 years old, just 19—lying about his age—he finished 12th at Indy. Salesman? "Troy could sell you this stadium," his mother says.

After Troy quit driving, he and Joe got themselves a motorcycle and snowmobile dealership outside Detroit. Before long, World of Ruttman was the largest motorcycle and snowmobile dealership in the nation. This is how well Troy could sell. "The ones that didn't even speak English were coming from Tokyo to see us," Joe says. But in the winter of '74, the first gas crisis made cycles very popular, so Yamaha started rushing its stock to where it was warm enough to ride bikes. Came spring in Michigan, the World of Ruttman couldn't get enough motorcycles, because they had all been sold in the Sunbelt months before. This was Joe's chance: this was his excuse. He gave his half of the business to Troy and went out, at last, to drive race cars—a grown man of 30 with a wife and three kids starting off in a thing like that.

Of course, Joe should have been in it all along. When he was 19, he had a good chance, too. That was in 1963. Troy had not yet retired, and he had an old stock car, which he gave to Joe. Joe refurbished it and towed it out to Riverside for a big race against the best drivers, including his fa-

continued

Joe's brother Troy won the 1952 Indy 500 when he was only 22



RUTTMANS

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THOMAS RAMPEY



Joe's niece Toddy and his father Butch were stricken by the loss that started Joe driving.

mous brother. Troy told him how to pace the ride, and Joe came in 10th—now remember, he was a kid in his first big race against the country's best drivers, with better cars, lots better. Quite properly, Joe figured, "I'm off and running," and he took off cross-country to the next major race, in Daytona, Fla. He was towing the racer across New Mexico one night, and at a place called Tucumcari a car came drifting across a solid line. It totaled both the tow car and the racer. The insurance company would only pay off on the tow car. A race car is a very expensive machine, and young Joe had neither the wherewithal to build a new one nor the self-assurance to sell himself a ride.

So he just went back to Michigan and started working for his mom and dad in their go-kart and minibike shop. And he met Harpo at Daly's Drive-In, and pretty soon they were married, with a family. "I really gave up all hope when I turned 25," Joe says. "Realistically, for anybody to start after that, it's nuts. So you see, that's how my life got derailed."

"Then too, there was Troy Jr.—J.R., six years younger than me. What a neat guy! And I thought, well, my chance in life has backfired, but maybe he'll get the chance I never had. And soon I had all my goals, my dreams, I had my whole life tied up in Troy Jr. I said, 'Here, J.R., I missed it, but I want you to have the opportunity I'll never have.' I couldn't give him enough. As long as he had the desire, I would have taken Troy Jr. around the world 10 times."

TROY'S JEWELRY

Joe and Troy Jr. grew uncommonly close because of what had happened to Troy. He was not only the oldest of the brothers and tall, at 6' 3", but he was also rawboned, wavy-haired and good-looking. And Troy has always been the sort of person who is in the center of things—same as Joe is always a guy over there—or was just here a minute ago, one or the other.

It's not just that Troy is 15 years older than Joe, either; he

comes from a whole different time and place. Troy was born in the Oklahoma outback, on the cusp of the Depression: conceived before it began, delivered after it had hit. But his father was such an extraordinary mechanic that even in the worst of times Butch was lured about the country by better job offers, first to Texas and then to Southern California, where Troy grew up.

Cars were always part and parcel of the family. You won't believe this, but Troy received his first speeding ticket at the age of nine in South Gate, Calif. He had got the car, a broken-down old Chevy roadster, by trading seven laying hens for it, and then he had managed to get it running well enough to speed. In his first race, Troy, then 15, led wire to wire, \$25. The pickings were so easy he dropped out of school, and soon he was running six, seven nights a week at tracks up and down California. Here comes Troy Ruttmann, the pride of the bobby-soxers! At 18, he was passing himself off

as 23. A flagman at one track introduced him to a pretty girl named Beverly, and soon they eloped to Yuma, Ariz. Within the year, a daughter, Toddy, was born; a year later, Troy Jr.; and a year and a half after that, Roxanne.

Troy had only sat in a championship car once before he came to Indianapolis, just after he turned 19. He could drive anything. His legs were so long they had to alter midsize cars around Troy's outsized dimensions. "But he'd make any car sing," Butch says. "Make it sing." Troy could do anything with a car. People remember him dropping two wheels down off a track and onto the dirt infield and shooting rooster tails for the fun of it, like a water skier.

Joe, the little boy, watched his big brother in awe. "If there was ever a natural-born anything, that was Troy Ruttmann driving a car," he says. "I'm not saying this because he's my brother, but because he was the greatest race driver. You take someone like A.J., and he's a great driver. But he's also a great manager, a great setup man. Troy wasn't interested in those kinds of things. He had his father working on the car, and he knew it was going to be in perfect shape. He was spoiled. His only idea was: let me in that car and I can beat the world. And he could. He'd win or he'd break down. He was the best ever."

He was so young. It all happened as fast as he drove. He whipped Bill Vukovich to win Indy in 1952, driving a Kuzma-Cilly for J. C. Agajanian. Only 22, the Speedway winner: his eyes sparkled, he wore red gloves, and Arlene Dahl was the movie star who kissed him in the winner's circle. Agajanian allowed as how she ought to kiss him, too, because he was the owner, but Arlene Dahl wouldn't. Just Troy. Troy Ruttmann was 22, the Indy winner! He had a pretty wife and three babies. He took 40% of a \$61,743 winner's share (Butch got another \$5%), and he splurged on fancy jewelry. "Troy was queer for watches," Joe says. Even now, Troy wears an expensive watch, a gold chain around

continued

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his neck and a ring with the initials TR formed in diamonds. Joe won't wear any jewelry at all. If you gave him a watch, he wouldn't wear it. It is as if the jewelry were symbolic of what happened to Troy.

A couple of months after he won Indianapolis, Troy had a freak accident during a race at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (The Ruttmans only seem to have freak accidents; the normal, predictable accidents they manage to escape.) His right arm was badly broken, and it took 18 months for it to heal well enough for him to drive again. While recuperating he had a lot of time on his hands, and he increasingly took to filling those idle hours by drinking whiskey. Soon Troy was starting the mornings off with a shot or two. The only time he didn't drink was when he drove; he kept right on winning.

"He went through a million dollars and four women," says Butch.

"Two women," says Mary.

"I'm not just counting the marriages, Momma."

And nobody knows how many rings and watches. He also didn't see much of his kids, Troy Jr., Toddy and Roxanne.

Soon he wasn't even good drinking company, and drinking is what he was doing. "Drinking, Troy was the opposite of what he was all the rest of his life," Jim says. "He was a nasty drunk."

"I'll admit I gave up on him," Butch says. "Only Momma didn't."

She would hunt him down and go right into the bars after him. She was the only one who could appease him when he was mean drunk. Troy would tell everyone in the bar, "Hey, this is my sweetheart," and buy her a Coke, and finish his drink with her, and then they would leave. But often as not, Mary would be at it again the next night, tracking him down again. All the whiskey didn't help Troy's stomach. He hurt a lot. Only the cars helped him survive the pain in those bad years. But some things were lost for good. He was rarely there when his only son, Junior, grew up.

What happened to Troy tore Joe apart. He was baffled. There had never even been any liquor in the Ruttmans house; Joe had never seen any social drinking. "I look upon liquor as a monster," Joe says. "Can you understand? Your older brother is perfect, and he's famous, and then liquor..."

But Joe never stopped loving his big brother. He made himself into a big brother himself—or a father—for Troy Jr. Even before his own career had ended in Tucuman, Joe was teaching his nephew. By eight or nine Junior was driving go-karts for Joe, and a few years later Joe coached the kid to the national go-kart championship. Troy Jr. had become determined to be a race driver.

"At an early age, you could see Junior had excellent driving ability," Troy says, "and I tried to explain to him that he was heading into a dangerous thing. And he said, 'Well, Dad, you're still alive.' But you could also say that Troy was lucky to still be in that particular category. I know how many accidents God spared my dad from." Toddy says.

By 1964 Troy had recognized that he was an alcoholic, and had pointed himself the first road to recovery, recognition. At the time the rear-engine Indy cars were coming in, and "to accelerate the story," as Troy often says, he could see that no competitive auto was likely to be avail-

able to him for maybe a year or more. He was only 34, but he had been driving professionally for almost two decades. And his stomach hurt more, and he was worn out some from the drinking.

Then, that year at Indianapolis, he started in the sixth row, on the outside of Eddie Sachs. It was a busy start, there was trouble almost right away, and in front of Sachs and Ruttmann, a gangly rookie from the sports-car ranks named Dave MacDonald got loose and clipped the wall in Turn 4. Troy had an instant to make a decision. He guessed that when MacDonald hit the wall his car would ricochet back out onto the track, and that he might just squeeze by on the outside. Troy aimed for the wall. Already the crash had turned into an inferno, and just as Troy, hugging the wall, passed the burning wreck, Sachs piled into MacDonald, the impact shoving the drive shaft of Sachs' car through his body, killing him instantly. The pyre roared higher, 70 feet or more, as the surviving cars came all the way round the track before stopping in the turn, just short of the holocaust.

"It was the worst thing I ever saw in my life," Troy says. "The flames were shooting up all around him, but somehow MacDonald stayed alive, begging for help. It was horrible. He kept calling for his mother. Mother, Mother, please, Mother, help me! And we couldn't do anything. Nobody could even get close."

Troy has never forgotten that grisly vision. It came only a few weeks after a race at Trenton, N.J., in which Troy's own car was turned end over end, and somehow he skidded along on his helmet as the car disintegrated. Soon after that, Troy decided to stop racing cars. It wasn't that he was scared all of a sudden; it was just that none of this was worth it if you weren't competitive, if you couldn't win. At one time or another, just about all the Ruttmans drivers have had about the same thing to say on this subject.

At the age of 23, Troy told his mother, "If I die, don't you grieve, Momma, because I've already done more in my lifetime than most people who live to be old." Joe has already told Harpo that if he is killed, she is to tell the children, "This is what I wanted to do. If I die, know that I went with a smile on my face." And Troy Jr., when he was 17, wrote a high school theme about what he planned to do when he grew up. He listed three things: 1) graduate from college as an engineer; 2) win Indianapolis before my death; and 3) retire by the time I'm 30, and get married after that.

It was 1968 when Troy Jr. wrote that. By then Troy had retired and had become a salesman, getting on with the rest of life, away from a steering wheel, and Joe had given up all hopes of ever driving seriously. Everything was on Junior. He and Toddy, an exceptionally close brother and sister, were living together at Butch and Mary's in Michigan. Junior had been given his father's last Indy car, the Jim Robbins Special, an old upright Curtiss, and was making it completely over into a super modified, with which he would start another Ruttmans racing career.

BUTCH'S TOOLS

Unlike most automobile racers, the Ruttmans are large people. Joe is more than six feet tall—though, typical of him, he has no idea exactly how tall he is—and he is the smallest of the brothers. Jerry stood 6' 7".

Butch, the father—his square name is Ralph, but if peo-

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RUTTMANS

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ple don't call him Butch, they call him Pappy or some variation of Granddad—is a big-boned 6' 2", a giant for a man born in 1906. Mary is a year older, but both she and her husband are jaunty, young people. At the races, Mary favors shorts, and she clambers up onto the roof of her mobile home to see the track better. Butch prefers a blue jump suit with a bright yellow cap. They were married 50 years ago this past St. Patrick's Day.

That is a coincidence. They are both of German stock, both Oklahoma-born. She was Mary Rittenhouse from Mutual, and Butch's father was a grain and livestock dealer over in Mooreland, 20 miles of back roads away. Butch was interested in cars from the first, for that matter, he practically spans the history of automobiles. "Butch always had speed on his mind," Mary says, "and I sure ought to know, because he dumped me." On this occasion, Butch wrecked a roadster he had built, the impact throwing his girl friend out onto the road and knocking her silly, while the car rolled over on him. Butch and Mary both chuckle at the memory of this episode. The Ruttmans laugh about such hilarious automobile accidents in the same way other families chortle at the memory of the roast getting burnt on Uncle Harry's birthday.

Butch raced himself—he was active as late as 1951, when he was 44—but he was more renowned for his mechanical abilities. He is a man of infinite patience, quite prepared to take cars completely apart. And while he doesn't make any to-do about it, it seems that roll bars and shoulder harnesses were Butch's inventions, the harness being first installed for Troy when he "was runnin' them high banks in Indiana in '48."

The father's special heritage is twofold. First, the patience he brought to fixing cars seems to have been transmitted to the Ruttmann boys as drivers. Patience may appear to be an odd attribute for a man of speed to possess, but the sense of waiting, of striking at the right time, is as

crucial to a driver as being able to move. Second, because the Ruttmans came to driving by way of the cars their father crafted, instead of having stumbled upon driving as merely a convenient way to get high on speed, the whole family evokes a special attitude of love for the sport—a love founded on confidence. The Ruttmans have an abiding faith in their machines.

As a teen-ager, Troy Jr. astonished racing experts by taking that Robbins Special apart and rebuilding it, shifting the engine from centerline to the side. That was an original concept. But, after Butch, Joe is the most mechanically un-unsure of them all. When he works on a car, he just about talks to it, like Dr. Dolittle palaverling with the animals.

These dual talents of driving and tinkering are critical assets for Joe, because not only must he fight the bias of age, he also works at a tremendous economic disadvantage. The sport, as Joe says, requires "cubic inches and cubic money"—witness the Foyt juggernaut, which includes a score of precision-tooled minions all decked out in red-and-white-checked uniforms and job descriptions, all scurrying about, radio-connected with their great-shouldered, jut-jawed leader whizzing around the track. By contrast, Ruttmann's crew, such as it is, consists of a bunch of friends and innocent bystanders recruited for the occasion. Somebody or other's child is usually an integral part of the crew. Senior citizens are also welcome.

"Who's the guy with the tire in the white beard?"

"Oh, I think he's that other guy's father-in-law."

The Ruttmann race tool chest consists of a little box of wrenches and ice scrapers and whatnot that Butch keeps in his mobile home in case it breaks down out on the Interstate. To cut tires about, Joe uses a child's little red wagon. Minutes before the Milwaukee 200, with Ruttmann's car sitting on the pole beside Foyt's, an official glanced down and noticed that Joe had the wrong tire on his right-front wheel. The wrong tire! Joe didn't get mad at anybody. They got it changed in time, didn't they?

Foyt, of course, is the big star on the USAC stock tour, and he is a no-nonsense fellow who does not like to get beat, especially by a Raggedy Ann operation and an antiquated tugboat of a racer. But he adores Joe Ruttmann, as everybody does. Nobody laughs harder than Foyt when Joe plays practical jokes on A.J. One day, for nothing better to do, Joe stole the little bicycle Foyt uses to get around the infield. Just stole it, put it in his truck and watched while a desperate red-and-white-checked army searched all over Robin Hood's barn. When Foyt tries to sneak out of obligatory drivers' meetings, Joe raises his hand and tattles on him. He climbs into Foyt's car or pretends to find loose parts under the hood, while the red-and-white-checked array turns apoplectic. And Foyt roars. Everybody, A.J. included, seems to be in a good mood when they get around good old Joe.

And everyone can see how happy Joe is. If you have to wait a long time to get to do what you long to do, and what you know you can do, it means all that more when at last you're granted the opportunity. In an age of instant gratification, Joe feels a reward that other people can't conceive of. And it is the one thing that belongs strictly to him. Even as close as Troy and Troy Jr. have been to Joe, they would

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Compared to liveried entourages, Joe's pit crew is a ragtag group



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never understand this part, because they did not have to wait for their chance to drive.

TROY JR.'S RACE

During the late '60s when Joe was Troy Jr.'s surrogate father, the young man grew to his real father's size, 6' 3", 180. And like his father, Troy Jr. quit school to go racing, but Vietnam was on and there was the draft, and not only did he return to school, he also came out a straight-A student. Those were tumultuous times for kids, but Junior was not swept along. Drugs? He didn't even smoke or drink. He devoted himself instead to girls and cars, with both of which, like his father, he was proficient.

He lived with Toddy, his older sister, who herself was growing into a full, dark and beautiful young woman. Toddy took two jobs so Junior could throw all his energies into the car. He was pointing for twin 50-lap races at Pocono International Raceway in Pennsylvania on May 4, 1969, just a few weeks before his high school graduation. Junior got the car ready just in time; he was too rushed to paint it and could only stick No. 14—his father's old number—on the car with black tape.

Troy, Joe and Toddy could not get away from work, so it was Jim who accompanied the kid to his first race at Pocono. And Jim was amazed: Junior had built the car so well and drove it so well that it was like "a storybook" in Pocono. The only problem, a slight one, was that they were racing on a new track—a three-quarter-mile oval set inside what soon was to become a larger two-and-a-half-mile track. The two tracks were designed to share a common stretch, and coming off one turn, the drivers kept dipping low, dropping two wheels off the pavement onto the infield dirt. So the track officials put out some soft pylons—witches' hats, the drivers call them—along the turn, and late in the first race, Junior bumped a couple of witches' hats and somehow this slight impact ruptured the left front brake line and forced him into the pits for quick repairs. Still, he finished fifth.

Between races, he and Jim double-checked the brake line, fueled up and were ready for the second 50-lapper. Troy Jr. was only 18½ years old then, thus, was his first race of hundreds to come, and so Jim told him to "cool it" for the second race, run it easy, and then they could take No. 14 back to Detroit and shake it down. The next time out it should be able to beat anything.

"I'll tell you what," Junior said when he came into the pits late in the second race. "I'll just hold my position till you give me a sign to move up."

"Yeah, O.K.," Jim said. Junior pulled out about sixth or seventh, but he soon cruised into fifth, and when Jim could see that the car running fourth was struggling to stay ahead, he waved Junior on, and the kid breezed into fourth place. He ran that way, going through the motions, for a few more laps. Then Troy Jr. began to beckon to Jim each time he came down the straightaway. "You know, it was the hand out, palm up, like, 'Hey, what's the point of this?'" Jim says. Junior knew he could fly by the third-place car, and he wanted the green light.

So the next time by, Jim shrugged and gave him the O.K. Junior tried to sneak by on the inside through a couple of turns, but he couldn't quite make it, so both times he

backed off. The Ruttmans weren't forcing anything this day. Then, at the next corner, coming toward the grandstand, the guy running third dropped two wheels down on the dirt, and Junior, following closely, did the same.

Jim was nearby, watching from the top of a mobile home. He had a clear view. When J.R. moved onto the dirt, his car skidded a little and he lost control for an instant, and No. 14 fishtailed, the rear end heading up toward the wall. But Junior was so good. In a split second he corrected—overcorrected really—because Jim now saw the car turn around, with the front end heading toward the wall. But the kid had everything. He worked that out, too, got the nose pointed the right way, and all the car did was bump sideways up against the wall. Because of the minor damage caused by that tap, the car sort of idled there up high on the track, and Jim, cursing the luck, started to head back to the pits to meet Junior and see what would have to be patched up.

Suddenly, Jim heard the sound and looked up. Without warning, No. 14 had sprung out, full throttle. All out. Jim watched in shock. The car was going right for the grandstand. Right straight at it. It hit the grandstand dead solid, full-bore and tore out a section maybe 50 feet long. "It was that wrinkled metal, like on the Interstates," Jim says. He was running by now, trying to catch up with Junior.

Jim could see that the rollover had gotten under the guard-rail, lifting it up enough that the car could pass beneath it, and that No. 14 had roared on, going through a chain-link fence another 20 feet or so farther on. The front of the car, like the top of the rollover, had been torn off, and the engine had split. The car had spun around after the second fence and had finally come to a halt, pointing backward.

Jim ran toward the car, but he stopped about 10 feet away because he didn't see any movement. He asked somebody, "Is he intact?" Jim says, "I meant, was Junior in one piece? And they nodded, and so I went on the rest of the way. Troy Jr. was slumped down there, with his hands in his lap." There was no agony upon his face, and he had come to his rest facing back toward the racetrack. Troy Jr. had not been able to win Indianapolis before his death.

They lifted J.R. out of the car and carried him to the ambulance. Jim forced his way in with the doctor and took Junior's helmet off and wiped the dust from his handsome face. The doctor opened his uniform, made a perfunctory examination and then he shook his head. Jim closed the boy's eyes, and he thought to himself, "Well, Troy Jr.'s troubles are over." That was all, because right away he had to start worrying, as much as he could, about what he could do for the rest of his family.

TODDY'S BOY

Toddy heard the news while she was in the backseat of a car, returning from the auto races in Toledo. Her first thought was to jump out of the car and kill herself. She was serious about that. "Troy Jr. was all I had," she says. But she contained herself until she got back to the house, where Joe was waiting. His first thought had been to tear down the garage, destroy the place where Junior had built No. 14. Now he was over that, and he tried to soothe his niece. He told her, "Well, one thing, Toddy, Troy Jr. was

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doing what he had, so he died with a smile on his face."

And Tod. "So after Joe said that, I felt I had to go on." Shortly afterward, she became a born-again Christian.

It has been 10 years now, but Toddy still can't talk about her brother's death without starting to cry. The same with Troy. Joe, the most emotional, breaks up completely. "You'd think it would get easier," Toddy says, "but it doesn't. Somehow it seems even worse, 10 years later Junior was the only son, and I guess it's the toughest for Dad, because he must feel guilty. He knows he missed the chance to spend more time with Troy Jr., and he let Joe be more of a real father. But all of us still miss Troy Jr. so much."

She carries an old snapshot of him, when he was 14 or 15. It is black and white, and he has a crewcut, something of a flat-top, and a very thin tie. It's a real period piece. But when you see the photograph, he is so nice-looking, so innocent—he never drank a drop—there is the sense that the boy in the snapshot must always be real, and it is everything else that has been lost.

What makes it especially difficult is not merely that it was so fragile, that Troy Jr. had such youth and promise, but that none of the Ruttmans can understand what made it happen. When Jerry died in 1953 on his motorcycle, he was hardly much older, and it was just as hard to take, just as much a waste, but at least it was explicable. Jerry rode down the street, and there was a construction site on the corner and a blind intersection and a car was coming and...

But Junior? What made the car start up and run into the wall?

And he was untouched. "I mean literally," Jim says. "There wasn't a mark on him."

Before he went to view his son's body, Troy came up to Jim and he said, "Brother, please, what am I going to see?"

And Jim said, "Troy, you're just going to see Troy Jr. looking great."

Junior looked just like the snapshot in Toddy's wallet, only a little older.

Jim could have asked for an autopsy, but he is the most sensible Ruttman, and what was the point? It could not tell what made No. 14 lurch forward again. Jim told them at the hospital, "No. Close up the goddam box."

So none of the Ruttmans can ever know what made it happen. Mary and Butch think Junior must have had a heart attack. It was a hot day and he was in his fire suit. Jim thinks that when No. 14 slapped up against the wall it must have been a harder collision than it appeared from a distance, and that Junior's head must have snapped back against the headrest, just enough to knock him out (there were no marks on his helmet). In any case, concussion or heart attack or whatever, then his foot, a dead weight, somehow pressed

down on the accelerator, carrying him into the wall, breaking his neck on impact. But still it doesn't make any sense. A decade later, Troy can't help every now and then but to ask Jim to repeat the story, to pick at his memory, in hope, somehow, this time, there will be one little clue that will surface, after having lodged in Jim's mind all these years.

But Jim doesn't really think that will ever happen. He doesn't think there is any more to what he saw. "I do think this," he says, "that if Junior'd been afraid of what was coming, he might have braced himself more when he slapped up against the wall. But you see, he was trying so hard to save his car. That's all he was thinking about—and he was doing a great job, too."

So that is why Troy Jr. is always riding with Joe now. Joe has with him the ghost of Troy's memory—what really was—and the ghost of Troy's son—what might have been. Joe doesn't have any sons himself. He has just the three daughters. Harpo once told him she was sorry about that, and Joe replied, "No, I had my boy and I lost him. I don't want no more. I had my son."

Toddy has a little boy who is six years old. This is where the legacy is now. She almost surely wouldn't have met and married the Reverend Billy Lewis if Troy Jr. hadn't been killed. If she hadn't turned to Christ then and gone to Billy Lewis' church when she moved to California. So there must be something of Troy Jr. in his nephew, just as there was much of Joe in J.R.

Toddy Lewis' boy is named Joshua Troy, and he is so uncommonly good-looking that Mary tells people, please, don't mention that, lest the boy hear it and let it go to his head. His favorite pastime, when he is sitting in the mobile home at the racetracks, is to play a computer racing game. It is a reflex exercise. He wins most times.

When he recently visited his grandfather, Troy, at the World of Ruttman, Troy put him on a little motorbike, and it fired up and threw Joshua off, but it didn't scare him in the slightest; and to accelerate this story, the next day Joshua took the bike and drove it across a rocky patch of ground, hanging on for dear life until it rammed into a bunch of parked bikes, knocking him to the ground again. Troy laughed and laughed. Joshua had neglected to learn how to stop the machine, and none of the Ruttmans had volunteered this information to him.

Joshua says, "When I grow up, I don't know whether I'd rather be a stocker or an Indy driver or race Funny Cars." He doesn't know yet that the Ruttmans race all cars. Wait till he sees his great-uncle Joe driving at Indy this May. Joe will be 35 then, and Troy was 34 when he last raced at Indy 15 years ago. It will be almost perfect, as if the chain had never been broken, even as if nothing ever happened to a boy at Pocono in another spring of our times.



J.R.'s picture is in Toddy's home; his memory is every Ruttman.

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Yesterday

by DENNIS STATHOPOLOS

AT THE ANTWERP OLYMPICS, 65-POUND AILEEN RIGGIN WENT DIVING FOR GOLD

It's been nearly 60 years since Aileen Riggins, then a 65-pound 14-year-old, got her first look at the ship that would take her to the 1920 Olympics in Antwerp, Belgium. World War I had ended a year and a half earlier, and the *Princess Matoika*, a troop transport that had managed to steer clear of German torpedoes, was being loaded with supplies for the American Expeditionary Forces still in Europe. Its passenger list consisted entirely of members of the U.S. Olympic team. "Our hearts sank a little when we saw the old tub," says Aileen, "but we really didn't care. We were all excited to finally be going, and nothing else mattered very much."

Mrs. Howard Soule (nee Aileen Riggins), 73, sits in her Honolulu condominium, lingering old photographs and recalling sepia-toned memories from a time when life was simpler and anything seemed possible, especially to a teenage girl. "The morning after we sailed, we went up on deck and were absolutely amazed at what we saw," she says. "The ship had been transformed into one large gymnasium. The decks had been covered with cork to make a track for the runners to practice; there was a boxing ring, trap-shooting equipment for the pistol and rifle teams and a swimming pool. It was just a square wooden box in which a canvas tank was suspended and filled with sea water. It was only a few feet deep and just about long enough for a six-foot man to extend himself. A belt attached to two sides of the tank could be fastened around a swimmer's waist so that he or she could swim in a stationary position."

Because Aileen's events were platform and springboard diving, she found there was little she could do to stay in condition aboard ship except to work out in the tank and do calisthenics. This did not daunt her. After all she'd been through, she felt grateful just to be on the *Princess Matoika*.

It was only with reluctance that the

U.S. Olympic Committee had agreed to allow women on the team for the first time in 1920, and at that, of the 400-member team only 15 were female. "In my day, women didn't compete in any very strenuous sports," Mrs. Soule says. "It was considered harmful to one's health and created an unfeminine picture." But when Aileen and two other youngsters—Helen Wainwright and Helen Meany,



who were 14 and 15 respectively—qualified for the swimming and diving team, the USOC declared that while it might bend its principles to let adult females participate, there was no way it would allow children in the Olympics.

The USOC said it would select the highest-scoring adult women to take the youngsters' places. "The two Helens and I were so depressed," Mrs. Soule says. "We felt that we had fairly won and that we should represent our country. We also wanted the wonderful trip to Europe." Finally, after the team manager and several other women appealed to the committee, it very grudgingly allowed the girls to go.

Thirteen days after departing New York, the *Princess Matoika* sailed up the

Schelde River to Antwerp. The U.S. swimmers, anxious to see the stadium where they would be competing, went out to the site early the next morning. "I'd never seen anything like it," says Mrs. Soule. "It was outdoors and had probably been used for rowing races. There was what appeared to be a clubhouse at one end. It was rumored that the pool had been part of the city moat, and I didn't doubt it. The water was black, and the whole setup was most uninviting."

Though it was a cold, windy, overcast day, it was the first chance the swimmers and divers had to really practice in nearly two weeks. The first girl to dive into the pool let out a bloodcurdling shriek. "The water was the coldest we'd ever encountered," Mrs. Soule says. "The swimmers tried to swim their laps, but some of them became so chilled they had to be helped out of the water. We were completely miserable."

Because the water was so cold and dark, some of the divers became disoriented. When entering the pool after performing a somersault, Aileen wasn't always certain which way was up. "If the sun was shining I could see that it was lighter above," she says, "but when it rained or was overcast, as it was most of the time, I couldn't see which way to go and on several occasions I became frightened when I felt I was lost and running out of air."

When the swimming team wasn't working out, it went sightseeing through the countryside. Belgium a year and a half after the war was a grim and depressing place. "I don't know how we happened to be allowed to walk around the battlefields," Mrs. Soule says. "They hadn't been cleared yet and some parts were just as they had been in 1918, at the time of the armistice. We picked up shells and German helmets and other equipment that was lying around. There were many trenches and pillboxes filled with mud and oil-slicked water, with debris floating on top. I picked up a German boot but dropped it very quickly when I discovered that it still had the remains of a foot inside."

At the opening ceremonies, King Albert of Belgium welcomed athletes from 29 countries to the Games of the VIII Olympiad. Aileen's first event was platform diving, a competition that included four waa dives—a running and a standing dive were each executed from

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YESTERDAY continued

heights of five and eight meters. Although it seemed a ridiculously simple program, Aileen soon discovered it wasn't all that easy to complete four perfect swim dives. The English and Scandinavian women excelled in the event, and Aileen ended up in fifth place, the best finish for an American.

It wasn't until the next-to-last day of the Games that the springboard competition took place. Unlike platform, springboard involved six compulsory dives, four optionals and two others that were drawn from a hat just before the diving began. Included among the compulsories were several dives that required a participant to enter the water with her arms at her sides. The Americans considered such dives to be both unesthetic and dangerous. "They made a horrible splash and did not permit a smooth entrance into the water," Mrs. Soule says. "And when doing gainers, it could be dangerous not to have your hands up to protect your head from hitting the board. Besides, hitting the water with one's head is very painful and conducive to headaches."

The springboard competition remained quite close until the very last dives, the two picked out of a hat. Aileen's draw required her to execute a forward somersault in the layout position, and a dive she describes only as "some kind of gainer."

"I was diving last," she says. "This is not always the best position because the judges can compare the diver with all the earlier ones, but I was lucky. I had watched all of the others make bad entries, so I told myself to go as slow as possible and make a clean entry." In those precomputer days, it took a long time for the officials to add up the scores, so it wasn't until hours later that Aileen found she had won the gold medal. Helen Wagnwright won the silver. Aileen thus became the youngest U.S. Olympic champion ever, the smallest ever and the first woman to win an Olympic springboard diving championship.

Aileen's accomplishments did not end in 1920. Four years later she went to the Paris Olympics where she became the first competitor in the history of the Games to win medals in both swimming and diving—a bronze in the 100-meter backstroke (1:28.2) and a silver in springboard. Although she had visited Paris after the 1920 Olympics, she found that "being in Paris when one is 18 is very much different from being in Paris when

continued

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YESTERDAY continued

one is 14." The ever-present chaperons relaxed their grip, and she went to the Folies Bergère, lunched at the Ritz, went tea-dancing in the Bois de Boulogne and attended the races at Longchamp.

In January of 1926 somewhat reluctantly she decided to turn professional. "There weren't many jobs for women in sports," she says, "and there was a certain stigma attached to being a pro. People didn't think of money so much in my time, but of competing for the love of the sport." Starting when she accepted a job managing the pool at the new Deauville Hotel in Mûma, her life became filled with glitter and glamour. In May 1926 she appeared on the stage of New York's Hippodrome theater, and along with Wainwright and Gertrude Ederle, she did some fancy diving and swimming in a large glass tank. She went to the 1928 Olympics in Amsterdam as a hostess, working for Knute Rockne, who had chartered a liner to take fans to the Games. After the Olympics, she joined Johnny Weissmüller in a swimming and diving act that played in Paris for a few weeks. She got \$100 an exhibition. Then she moved to Hollywood, where she appeared in two Busby Berkeley movies, *Footlight Parade* and *Roman Scandals*. In 1937 she helped organize and coach Billy Rose's first Aquanada, which was presented at the Cleveland Exposition.

Almost 40 years later Aileen Riggins Soule was still competing. On Sept. 6, 1976 she completed a 2,375-mile rough-water swim from Diamond Head to the Hilton Hawaiian Village, an annual event sponsored by the Honolulu Department of Parks and Recreation. The 70-year-old Mrs. Soule, who was entered in the Masters Division for women 55 and over finished second. The woman who won was 15 years younger than she.

Today, Mrs. Soule looks nearer 50 than 73, swims every day and wears a size eight dress. She still receives fan mail, a recent letter coming from a young East German who wanted her autograph. And she speaks occasionally of the many changes that have come about in sports during the 60 years since she won her gold medal. "They now have jet planes to fly to a meet," she says. "And when it is over, they fly home again. I think we had so much more fun in our day, because we got to know each other better. During those Olympic summers we made many lifelong friends."

ENR

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OPENING SHOTS

Sir

Curry Kirkpatrick's article on college basketball (It's a Happening, Dec. 3) was pure entertainment. His description of Joe Caldwell's dunk shots brought back fond memories of Chicago Stadium college doubleheaders. On two mid-'60s winter nights I saw Jumpin' Joe put on the show that would have shamed today's premier dunk artists. Thanks, Curry, and welcome back to the college game.

JERRY L. WHITE
Oak Park, Ill.

Sir

Curry Kirkpatrick's article described both the appeal of college basketball and the shortcomings of the professional game. I hope that in my lifetime the NBA will have the sagacity to adopt the college rules so that coaching strategy and the team concept can become as much a part of the pro game as individual talent is now.

TOM FETTERDALE
Hershey, Pa.

Sir

Regarding Curry Kirkpatrick's derogatory remarks about the NBA, I'd like to say that Curry wasn't as happy about leaving SI's pro basketball beat as we NBA fans were to see him go. Friends like him the NBA doesn't need.

MRS. MICHAEL JOHNSON
Seattle

FAMILY FEUD

Sir

I enjoyed the North Carolina flavor of this year's College Basketball Issue—Curry Kirkpatrick learning college basketball at North Carolina, the excellent article on defense featuring Dean Smith and your No. 3 ranking of Carolina. Having been born, bred and educated at Tar Heel and having lived in various parts of the U.S., I can honestly say that no group of fans appreciates its team, coach, players and "defense" more than followers of the Heels.

WILLIAM L. BLACK, MD
Dayton

Sir

Having to live with a Tar Heel husband and his equally enthusiastic Tar Heel sons is hard enough during the college basketball season. Your College Basketball Issue, which seemingly had North Carolina and Dean Smith plastered on every page, was the straw that almost broke the camel's back. Having been born and raised in Kentucky, I was doubly shocked to find the Wildcats ranked no higher than No. 18.

Before the season ends, I strongly suspect

that there will be one sports magazine that is wrong and four Tar Heel fans in my family who are very disappointed.

EMILY BLACK
Dayton

FROM ONE TO TWENTY

Sir

In the basketball scouting report on No. 2 Ohio State, you mention that a "dozen or so Buckeye fans" camped out for a week in front of St. John's Arena to purchase season tickets. I was one of those who braved the cold winds and hard pavement to see the Bucks play, and I feel that some additional information is in order. By the time the tickets went on sale, the total number of hard-core Buckeye basketball fans who had shared in this frigid ordeal was well over 5,000.

One correction: Kelvin Ramsey, Herbie Williams, Carter Scott, Jim Smith and Clark Kellogg add up to No. 1—not No. 2 behind Indiana.

KEVIN MCCARTIN
Columbus, Ohio

Sir

I dislike Kentucky—totally—but it really wouldn't hurt me to see the Wildcats win another title. However, I expect Digger Phelps and "No. 4" Notre Dame to be the 1979-80 NCAA champions.

LOUIS SEBECKE
West New York, N.J.

Sir

UCLA 12th? Coach Larry Brown has the ability to make the Bruins No. 1 again.

JOHN KAISER
North Lake, Wis.

Sir

Regarding your ranking of Virginia Tech No. 11 and Virginia No. 14, Virginia defeated Tech twice last season and had the superior recruiting year. UVA is No. 1 in the Old Dominion—and in the ACC.

STEVE SARTORIGUS
HUGH SHANNON
Charlottesville, Va.

Sir

Your putting Virginia Tech ahead of Virginia is the best news this school has had since it was discovered that cows give milk.

BRAD CASPER
Blacksburg, Va.

Sir

DePaul only 13th?

DAVID WELLES
Oak Park, Ill.

Sir

Louisville not in the Top 20?

MICHAEL J. SPAHN
Glen Cove, N.Y.

Sir

Since the Arkansas Razorbacks were ignored in the wire service precision polls, it is gratifying to see their inclusion among SI's Top 20. Sidney Moncrief may be gone, but his competitive spirit and winning attitude will continue to influence the basketball program for years to come.

GENE JENNINGS
Little Rock, Ark.

NANCY

Sir

Accolades to Curry Kirkpatrick for his fine piece on Old Dominion's Nancy Lieberman (*The Game Is Her Dominion*, Dec. 3). He does an excellent job of putting women's basketball in perspective. It is a women's game, and it's inappropriate to compare it with the men's sport. It is competitive and exciting in its own right.

I admire Nancy's strength and spunk. I also think she's one of the best-looking point guards I've ever seen.

SCOTT HUBEL
West Lafayette, Ind.

DEFENSE!

Sir

Larry Kerth's article on defense in college basketball was excellent, and the diagrams and pictures illustrating some of the defensive bones were magnificent (*Bringing Traffic to a Stop*, Dec. 3). In four pages you explained principles that we coaches spend many hours teaching. After they read the article, I am convinced that any players will have a better idea of what I've been trying to tell them. I also feel that articles like this will make young players more willing to work on improving their defensive skills.

WENDELL R. UUTALA
Grade 8 Basketball Coach
Ladysmith Junior High School
Ladysmith, Wis.

Sir

Though I admire the philosophies and successes of coaches Bobby Knight, Dean Smith and Co., I must inform you that the premier defensive tactician in the game today, college or pro, was totally ignored in Larry Kerth's study. Don Haskim of the University of Texas at El Paso has earned nationwide respect for turning teams of average athletes into superior man-to-man defensive units.

PETER D. CICCARELLI
San Diego

Sir

Dean Smith is excellent, but the title of best defensive coach belongs to Boyd Grant. In his two years at Fresno State, Grant's teams have been at or near the top in defensive sta-

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series. In 1977-78 the Bulldogs allowed the fewest points per game (52.5) in the nation.

STANLEY OTAKE
Hollywood

STREAKS Sir

In your scouting report on No. 10 Syracuse you cite the Orangemen's 45-game home winning streak going into this season and call it the longest in the nation. It should be noted that the Continentals of Hamilton College (Division III) opened the season with a 47-game home winning streak.

ROBERT M. PALL
Clinton, N.Y.

NAMING NAMES Sir

One name was missing from your College Basketball Issue—that of Marquette's 6'5" senior Guard Sam Worthen, who is the premier point guard in the country. The Warriors will probably not win 20 games this season, because of injuries and a terrible recruiting year, but as Worthen goes so goes Marquette, and that should be a lot farther than most people think.

JOE RINA
Hiles Corners, Wis.

PUNTERS Sir

I read with interest the article about Edward J. (Doc) Storey and his punting schools (When In Doubt, Punt! Nov. 12). However, there is one part of the article that I would like to correct. I did play for the Denver Broncos from 1968 through 1976 as a wide receiver and punter, but Doc Storey had nothing to do with my development as a kicker. Jim Smith, my grammar school physical education instructor, and Jack Powers, the line coach at Mammoth High School when I was a student there, were both directly responsible for my development as a punter. Powers, who is now the athletic director of Manhattan College, spent many hours before and after practice helping me develop consistency in punting.

BILLY VAN HELSEN
Denver

Sir

The splendid article on Doc Storey certainly puts the punting aspects of today's football in the right light. As football coach at Norwich High School in 1937 I had the honor of spending a day at a football clinic conducted by Leroy Mills at Hamilton College. Two of our best athletes participated and gained a tremendous amount of knowledge about kicking. Mills was such a perfectionist that his skills were hard to believe. During that clinic he executed the finest drop kick I have ever seen. He took the ball on the junction of the sideline and endline, stepped up the sideline one yard and drop-kicked the ball through the goal posts at that extreme angle. He also stressed the simplicity of the extra-point placekick, stating that the spot be-

tween the uprights (then 18'6") is so huge that 37 footballs could be kicked through the goal posts simultaneously without their touching each other.

Punting out-of-bounds with controlled kicking is seldom seen in pro games. Twenty yards should be deducted from a punter's average for every kick that goes into the end zone. Accuracy in kicking seems a lost art. Just count the number of punts that go out-of-bounds inside the 5-yard line on any Sunday—it won't take long. Keep in there, Ed Storey, you're doing fine.

KURT BAYER
Norwich, N.Y.

BIG LEAGUE HIGH SCHOOLS Sir

In your Nov. 26 19th HOLE, George F. Walden noted the major league baseball success of alumni of Beaumont High in St. Louis. His list of 12 players who have gone on to the majors was impressive. Then he asked, "Is there any other high school in the country that has had so many of its graduates reach the major leagues?"

The answer is yes. Doesn't he know that when it comes to baseball, we in California have to be first?

According to my calculations, Long Beach Poly High—the school of many famous athletes, including Billie Jean (Mollit) King, Gene Washington, Earl McCulloch, etc.—has produced no fewer than 17 major-leaguers. L.A. Fremont High, where Gene Mauch, among others, went to school, has had 15 big-leaguers, and Long Beach Wilson High has sent 13 to the majors. If you count up the major-leaguers turned out by the six high schools in Long Beach, you get a grand total of 42. Until recently, five public schools in the Long Beach district each had at least one player on a major league roster, and even now it would be possible to form at least two complete major league clubs from alumni of high schools located within less than 25 miles of Long Beach's city hall. Not long ago Wilson High had five graduates playing—Bob Bailey, Bobby Grich, Jeff Burroughs, Ed Crosby and Casey Cox—not to mention Manager Bob Lemon.

Another nearby school, Centennial High in Compton, had seven alumni playing within a five-year period—Reggie Smith, the late Don Wilson, Lenny Randle, Mitchell Page, Wayne Simpson, Lonnie Smith and Roy White—yet that school is only 25 years old. JOEY O. HEBBOLD II
Varsity Baseball Coach
Lakewood Senior High School
Lakewood, Calif.

NOMINATIONS (CONT.)

Sir

I have noticed nominations for your 1979 Sportsman of the Year in recent issues of your magazine. I would like to submit mine. Phil Parkes, goalie for the 1979 NASL champion Vancouver Whitecaps. I think he was the

most important reason the Whitecaps reached and won the 1979 Soccer Bowl, and it is time soccer and the NASL had someone on your list of greats.

THOMAS GHIRARDELLI
Durham, N.C.

Sir

Jim (Doc) Counsman's successful crossing of the English Channel at the age of 58 strikes me as one of the most extraordinary triumphs of human spirit and determination in this or any other decade. Herewith my enthusiastic nomination of Counsman as your 1979 Sportsman of the Year.

GILBERT S. OSBORN
Acton, Mass.

Sir

Bryan Allen and Paul MacCready, the pilot and designer of the Gossamer Albatross. Their achievement was a magnificent example of the human spirit at its best, and they are eminently worthy of selection as Sportsman.

TONY BEAMAN
Wyckoff, N.J.

Sir

Because of her astounding victory in this year's New York City Marathon, I nominate Greta Waitz as Sportswoman of the Year.

GERARD MEUCHNER
Brooklyn

Sir

Bill Rodgers

STEVE DUNNE
Long Beach, Calif.

Sir

Willie Stargell must be seriously considered for your 1979 award.

GARY SEBERT
West Newton, Pa.

Sir

The late Thurman Munson.

JIM PRACKETT
Essex Junction, Vt.

Sir

Sugar Ray Leonard.

LOUIS CINQUINO
Le Roy, N.Y.

Sir

Terry Bradshaw

PATRICK FANNING
West Orange, N.J.

Sir

Walter Payton

LARRY SORDJIAN
Dahlonega, Ga.

Sir

Gordie Howe

NEIL DICAMAN
Berkeley, Calif.

Sir

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Oroville, N.Y.

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